

CANTVS

AYERES OR
Phantasticke Spiiites
for three voices,

Made and newly published by
THOMAS WHEELKES, Gentleman of
his Maiesties Chappell, Batchelar
of Musicke, and Organest of the Ca-
thedral Church of Chichester.

LONDON.

Printed by *William Barley*, and
are to be sold at his shoppe
in Gracious street.

1608.

Cum Privilegio.



TO THE RIGHT NO-
ble and most worthy, EDVVARD Lord,
DENNY, Baron of *Waltham*, Thomas
*Wuelkes wisheth the happines of
both worldes.*

RIGHT HONOVRABLE,

IT were needlesse to commend the
worth of musicke to a noble and vn-
derstanding disposition: for in the
natures of Artes and generous spirites,
ther is a sympathie, this being only grac'd
by them; and they the onely patrones
of this profession: I haue presumed, though not worthy
your acceptance (as to the fauourer of all vertue) humbly
to entreate your Lordship to patronize these my simple
labours, which if your Lordship vouchsafe, they haue
their hire, and my self euer bound (as is my duty) to doe
your Lordship all faithfull, dutifull and acceptable ser-
uice.

THOMAS VUELKES:

A 2



A Table of all the Songes contained in this Set.

Come come lets begin.	I
Iockey thine horne pipes dull.	II
Some men desire Spouſes.	III
To morrow is the marriage day.	IIII
Vpon a hill, the bonny boy.	V
Come firrah lacke hoe.	VI
Tan ta ra ran tan tant.	VII
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Aye me alas hey hoe.	XII
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<i>A Song for 6. voices</i>	
Death hath deprived me.	XXVI

CANTVS.

I.

3. voc.



Orne, com lets begin lets begin to re-



wel't out, and tread the hilles and dales a



bout, and dales about

that hilles and dales and woodes may



found, an Ecco

.ii.

to this warbling round.

Lads merry bee with musicke sweete,
 and Faires trip it with your feet,
 Pans pipe is dull, a better straine,
 doth stretch it selfe to please your vaine,

B



Okey thine horne pipe's dull, giue wind



man at full, fie vpon such a sad gul, like an hoody



doody, all to moody, toodle, toodle, pipe it vp thicker, ile tread it



the quicker: why then about it roundly, .ii.

and I will



foot it foot it .ii. .ii. soundly, ile take my steps the shorter,



as if I trampled, trampled trampled mortar.

Darite growes so graue,
I may not her haue:
In a round when I do craue,
with hoop sir hoy day, O you hurt me.
Toodle, Toodle,
set me thy worke by,
and come to me smurkly.

Then if she chance to glance in,
Giue vs two roome to dance in,
Though my green ierkin bare is.
Vs two to all the parish,



Some men desire spouses, that come of noble



houses, and some would haue in mariage ladies



of courtly cariage, fa la la fa la la la la,



but few desire as I do, the maidenhead, the maidenhead .ii.



.ii. of a widow, fa la la la fa la la



la la la.

2 Some thinke faire youth will cherish,
Strength that begins to perish,
Ile haue no colts to taming,
Let me be young'st at ganing.

Ile get ore, ile go nigh too,
The maidenhead of a widdow.

B 2



O morrow is the marriage day of Mopsus

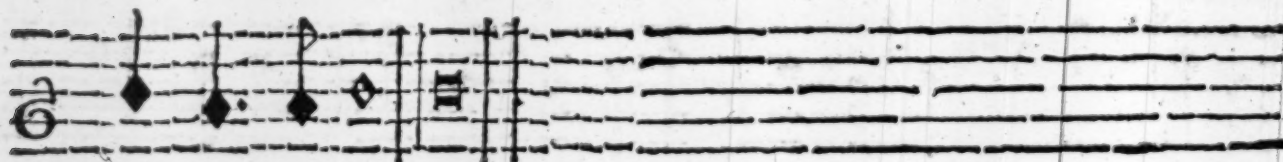


and faire Phillida, Come shepheards bring your

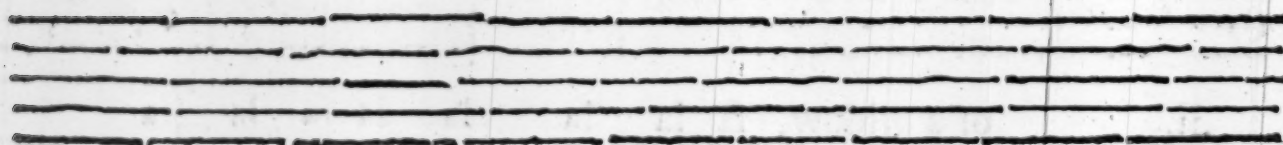


garlands gay, .ii.

.ii.



your garlands gay.



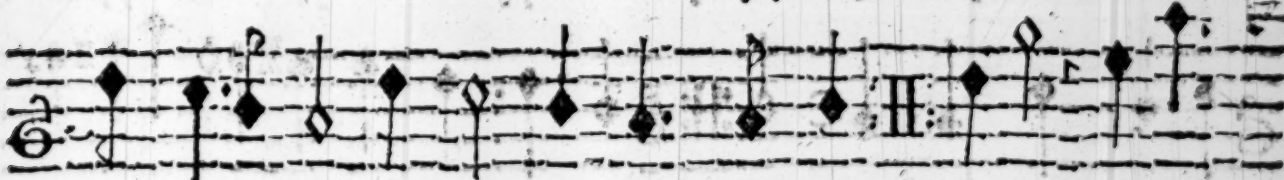
- 2 If loue lye in so fowle a nest,
and fowlness on so faire a breast,
What louer may not hope the best.
- 3 O do not weepe faire Bellamoure,
though he be gone theres many more,
for loue hath many loues in store.



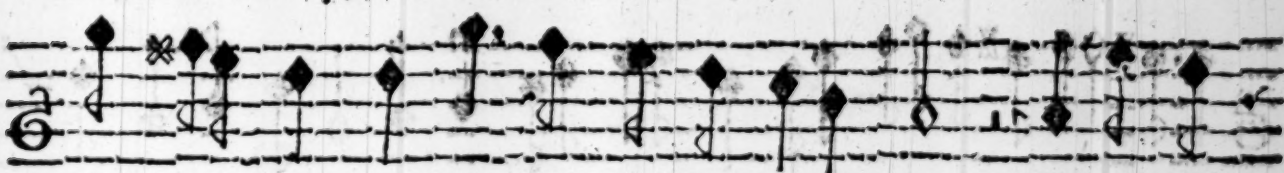
pon a hill, a hill, the bony bony, boy,



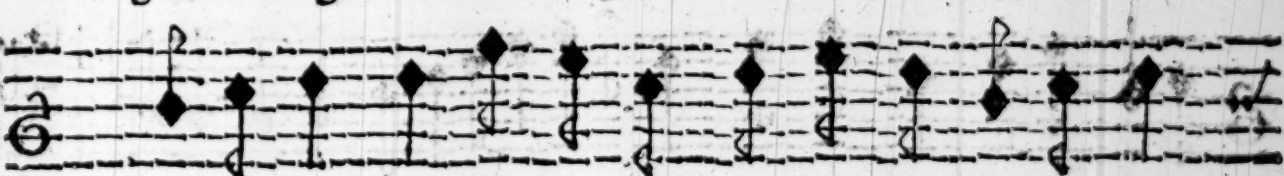
sweet Thir his sweetly plaid, and calde his lambes



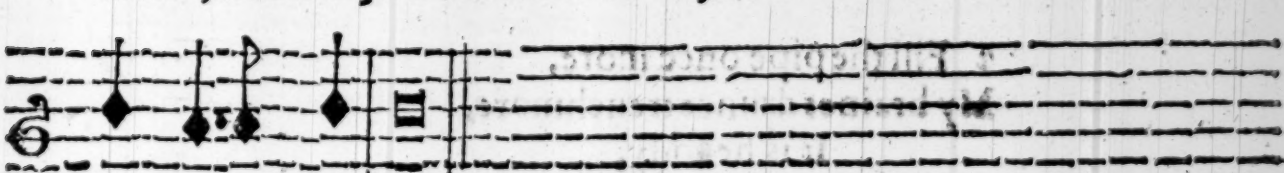
their maisters ioy, and more hee would haue said, but loue, but loue



that giueth wings, but loue that giues the louers wings, withdrew his



mind, his mind, withdrew his mind, withdrew his mind, his mind



from other things,

2 His pipe and he could not agree,
for Milla was his note,
This silly pipe could neuer get,
this louely name by rote.

With that they both fell in a sound,
he fell a sleepe, his pipe to ground.



Omefirrah Iacke hoe, fill some Tobacco, bring a wire,



and some fire, hast hast away, quicke I say, do not stay, shun delay, for



I dranke none good to day : I sweare that this Tobacco it's perfect



Trinidado, by the very very mas, neuer neuer neuer was better gere then



is here, by the roode, for the bloud, it is very very good, tis very good.

2 Fill the pipe once more,
My braines daunce trenchmore,

It is headdy,

I am geeddy,

My head and braines,

Back and raines,

Iointes and vaines,

From all paines,

It doth well purge and make cleane.

Then those that doe Condemne it,

Or such as not Commend it,

Neuer were so wise to learne,

Good Tobacco to discern

Let them go, plucke a crow, and not know as I do

The sweet of Trinidado.



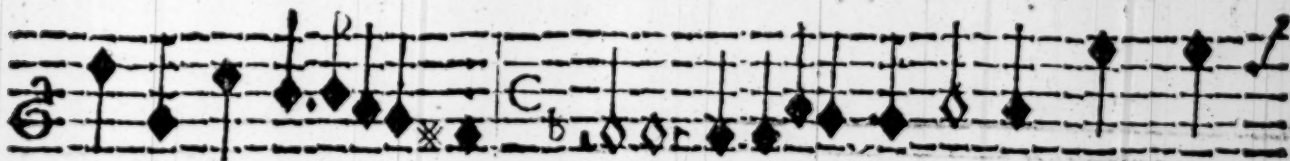
An ta ra ran tan tant, cryes Mars on bloody rampier



fa la fa la fa la, fala cryes Venus in a Chamber toodleloodle

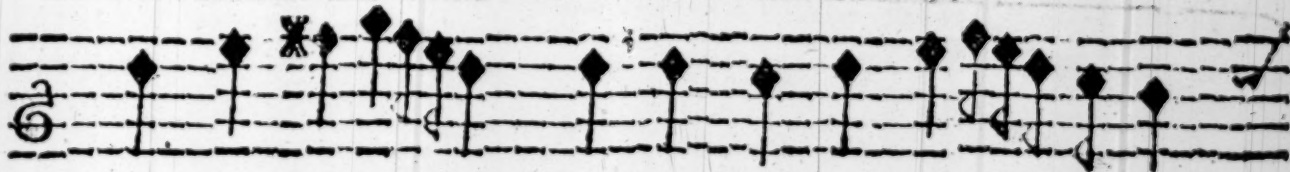


.ii. loo, cryes Pan that Cuckoo, with belsat his shoo, and a

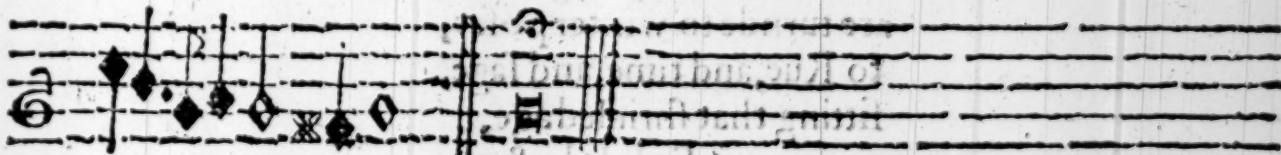


fiddle too, .ii.

Aye me, but I alas lye weeping, for death



hath slaine my sweeting, which hath my heart in kee- ping,



.ii.

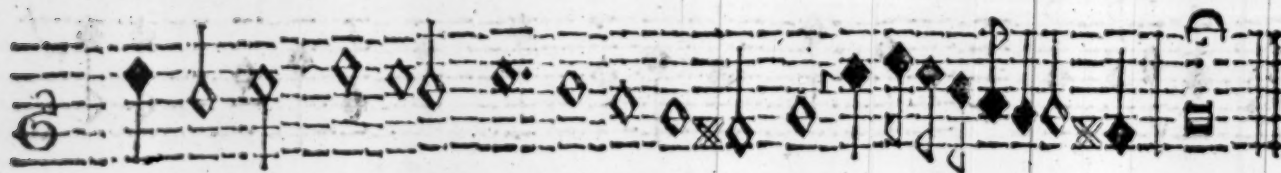




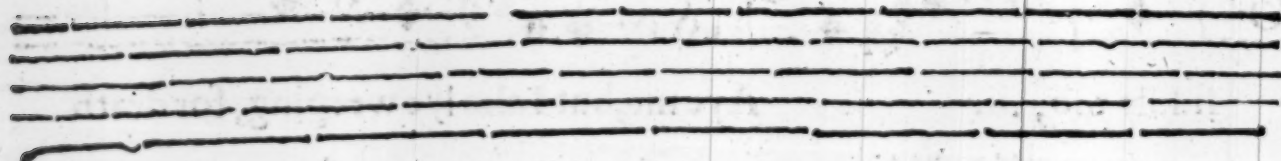
He Gods haue heard my vowes, fond Lyce,



whose faire browes wont scorne with such disdain, my loue,

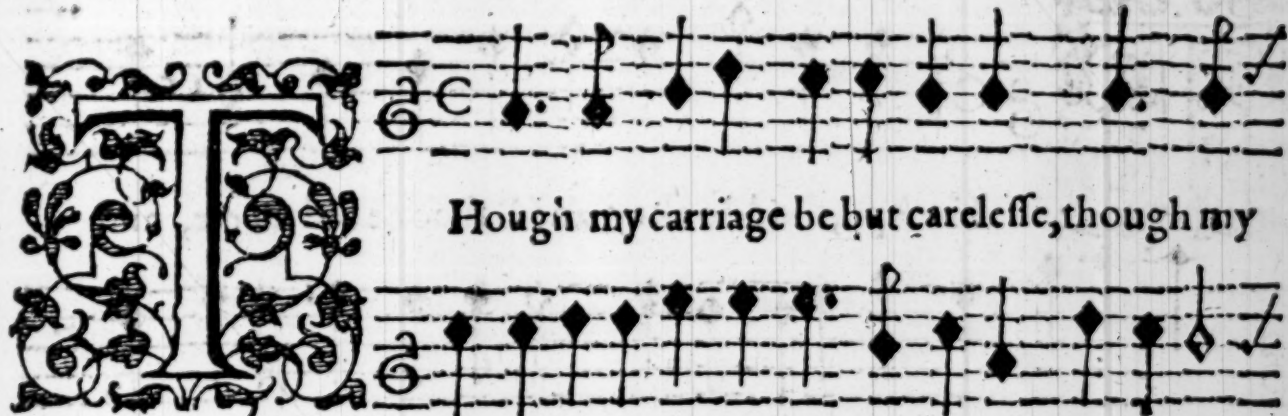


.ii. my teares my paine .ii. fa la la la,



3 But now those spring-tide roses,
are turnd to winter posies,
to Rue, and time, and sage,
fitting that shriuled age,
Fa la la la, &c.

3 Now youthes with hote desire,
See, see that flamelesse fire,
Which erst your hearts so burned,
quicke into ashes turned.
Fa la la la &c,



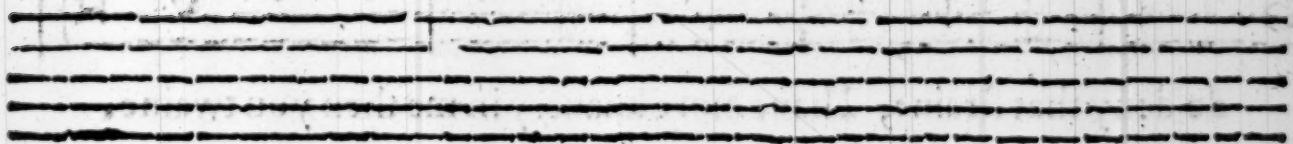
Hough my carriage be but carelesse, though my



looks be of the sternest, yet my passions are compare-

lesse, when I loue, when I loue, .ii.

I loue in earnest.



2 No my wits are not so wild,
But a gentle soule may yoke me,
Nor my heart so hard compilde,
But it melts, if loue prouoke me.



He Ape, the Monkey and Baboone did meete, and



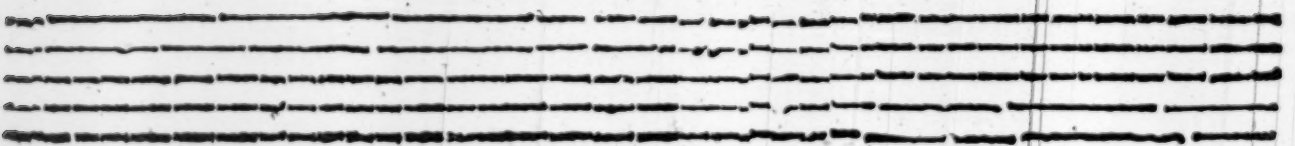
breaking of their fast in fryday street, two of them sware together



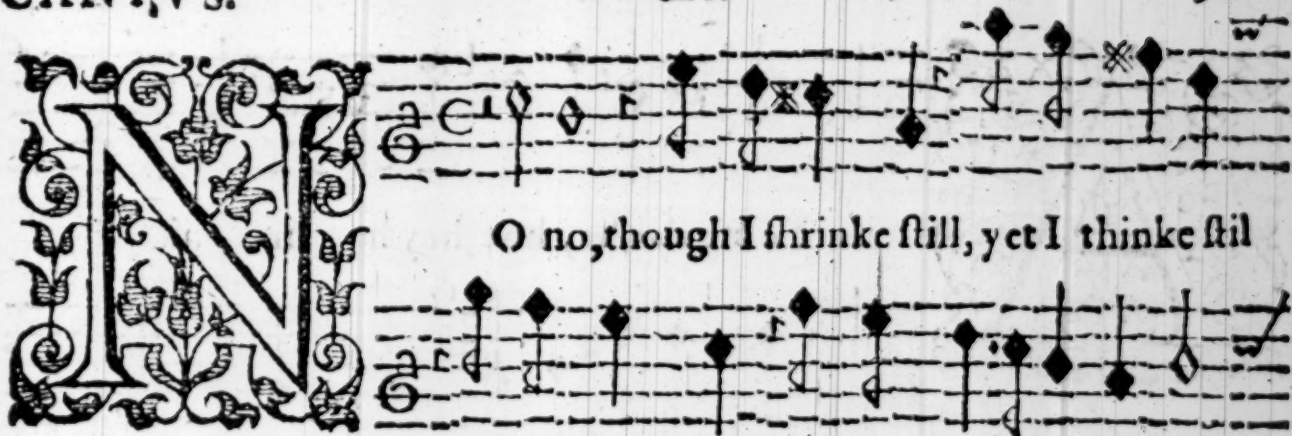
solemnly in their three natures was a simparchie, Nay quoth Baboon, I



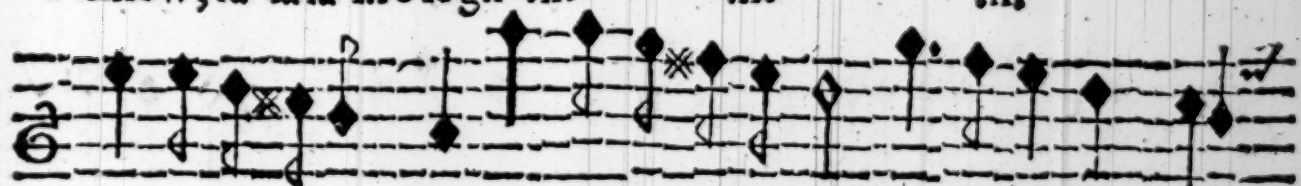
do deny that straine, I haue more knauery in me then you twaine.



- Why quoth the Ape I haue a horse at will,
in Parris Garden for to ride on still,
and there shew trickes: tush quoth the Monkey I
for better trickes in great mens houses lie.
Tush, quoth Baboone, when men do know I come,
for sport, from City, country, they will runne.



that a wincke will do what louers louers best

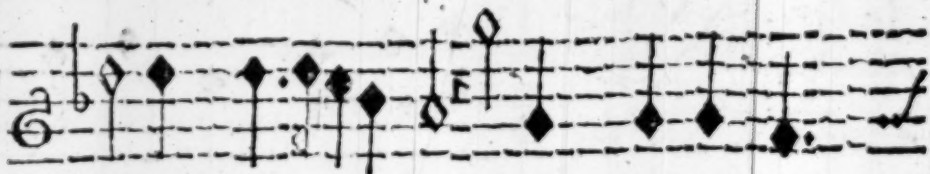


2 What what,
if she faine so,
then I plaine go,
in a vaine to
ouerthrow her that's flat, fa la la, &c.

O, but she loued me well,
no but I cannot tell,
who dares trust women or hell,



Ye me alas, hey hoe, hey hoe .ii. .ii.



thus doth Messalina go vp and downe the house



a cry- ing .ii.

a cry- ing, for her Monkey lyes a



dying .ii.

death thou art too cruel, to bereaue

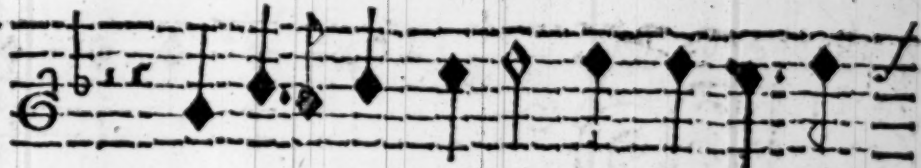


her Iewell, or to make a seasure of her only treasure, if her Monkey die



she will sit and crie, fie fie fie fie fie fie fie.





Ate in my rash accounting, my Fortune



was amouſting, fa la la fa la la fa la la



fa la la la fa la la fa la la la la la la la fa



la la and now all is vndone, all courſes backwards runne, fa la



la fa la la fa la la la la la fa la la.

- 2 Harts greedy in deſiring,
Are ſpeedy in aſpiring, fa la la &c.
But this ſemall ſexe,
Make ſtout hearts breake their necks.

- 3 You Ladies faire and fickle,
Whoſe climbing thoughts do tickle, fa la &c.
Shall moſt deeply repent,
And finde a baſe deſcent.



Owre arms, two neckes, one wreathing, two
 paire of lips one breathing, fa la la fa la
 la fa la la la la: two hearts that multiply, sighes
 enterchangeably, fa la fa la fa la la fa la la fa la la
 fa la la la fa la la la.

2 The thought of this confound me,
 and as I speake it woundes me, fa la la, &c.
 It cannot be exprest,
 good help me whilst I rest,

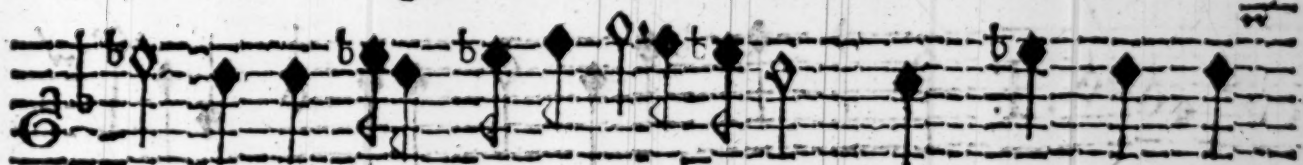
3 Bad stomackes haue their loathing,
 and O this all is nothing, fa la la, &c.
 this no with griefes doth proue,
 report oft turnes in loue, fa la la.



Ord when I thinke what a paltery thing is a



gloue or a ring, or a top of a fan to brag of, and



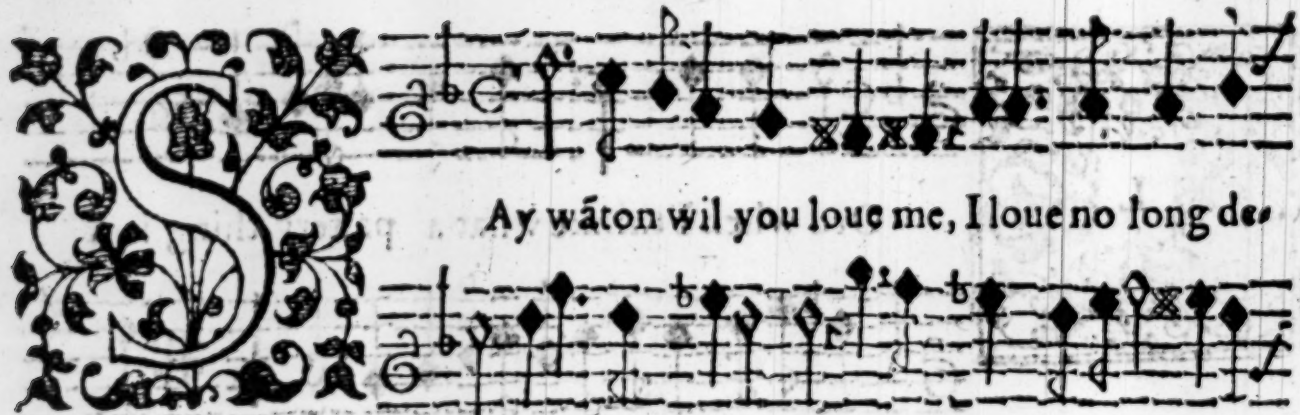
how much a Noddy will triumph in a buske point, snatch with the



tagge of, then I say, well fare him, that hath euer vsed close play,



2 And when I see,
 what a pittifull grace,
 hath a frowne in the face,
 Or a no in the lips of a Lady,
 and when I had witt,
 she would bee kist,
 When shee away did go,
 with hey hoe,
 I end so,
 Neuer trust any woman more then you know.



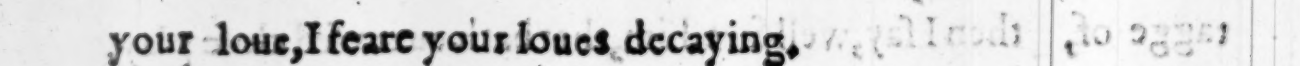
Ay wāton wil you loue me, I loue no long de



laying, no long delaying, I loue no lōg delaying,

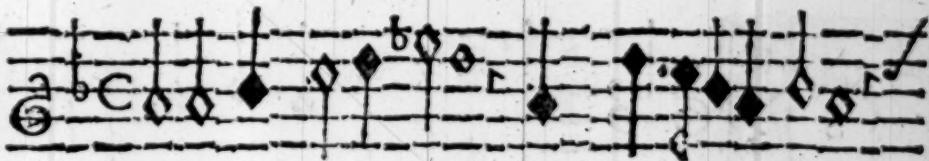


delaying, whilst that you strue to proue me, to proue me, I feare



your loue, I feare your loues decaying.

2 Feare not my loues decaying,
 Whilst that you strue to proue me,
 I loue no long delaying,
 Come wāton then and loue me,



Bei ligustri e rose, Ch'in voi natura, pose



.ii.

Donna gen



til mi fanno, ogn' hor mori

re, Si graue é la mia pena e'l



mio martire, .ii.





strike it vp Tabor and pipe vs a fauour, thou shalt be



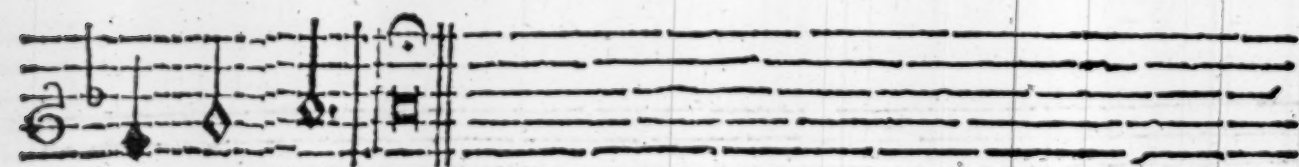
well paid for thy labour: I meane to spend my shoe sole to dance



about the May pole, I will be blith and briske, leap and skip, hop



and trip, turne about in the rout, vntill very meary werry ioyntes



can scarce friske.

- 2 Lusty Dicke Hopkin,
 lay on with thy napkin,
 the stitching cost me but a dodkin,
 the Morris were halfe vndone,
 Wert not for Martin of Compton,
 O well said Iging Alce,
 Pritty Gill,
 stand you still,
 Dapper Iacke,
 meanest to smacke,
 how now, fie, fie, you dance false.



A ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha this



world doth passe most merily most merily ile bee sworne, for many



an honest Indian Ass goes for a vnicorne, .ii. .ii.



.ii.

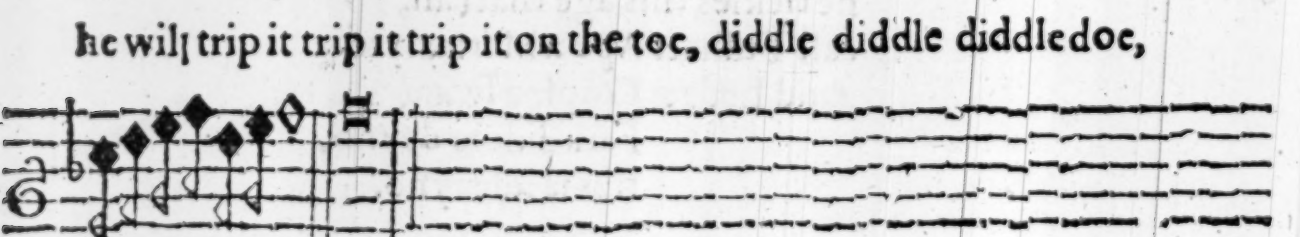
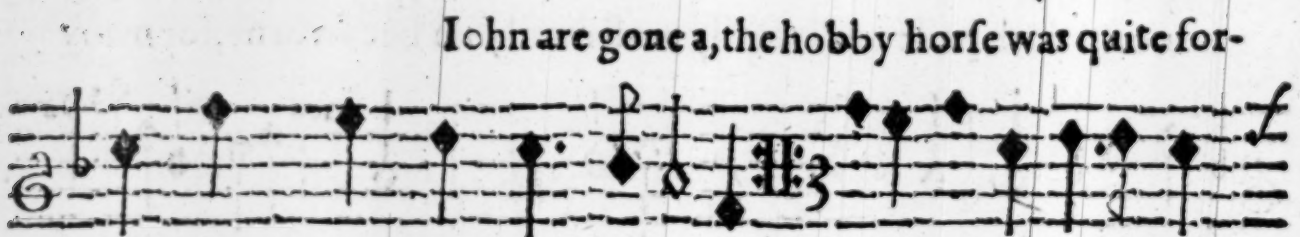
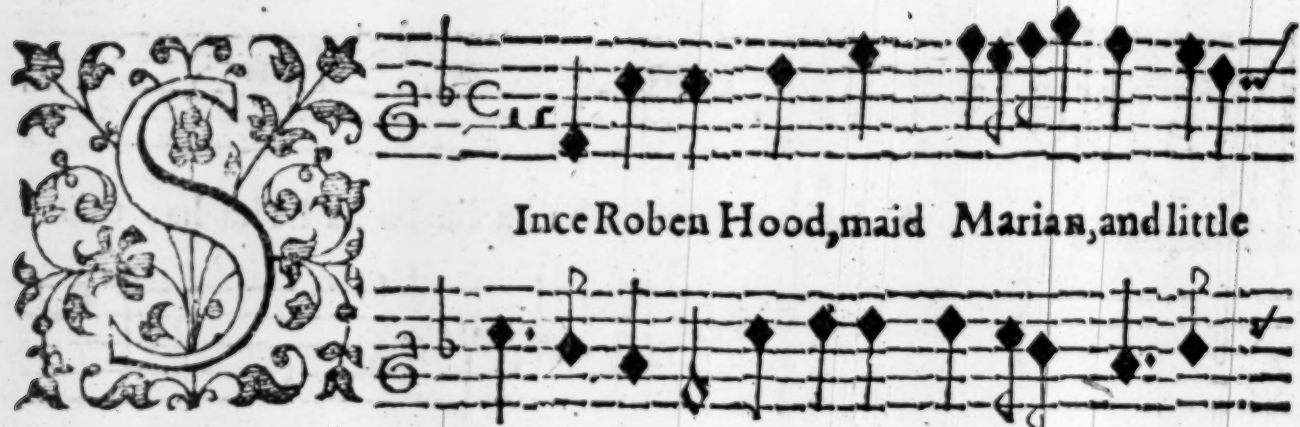
farra diddle diddle dyno .ii.



this is idle idle fino, .ii.

2 Tygh hygh. tygh hygh, O sweet delight,
he tickles this age that can,
call Tulliaes Ape a Marmasfyte.
And Ledaes Goose a swan,
Fara diddle deyno,
this is idle fyno.

3 So so so so fine English dayes,
for false play is no reproch,
for he that doth the Cochman prayse,
may safely vse the Coch,
fara dyddle deyno,
this is idle fyno.





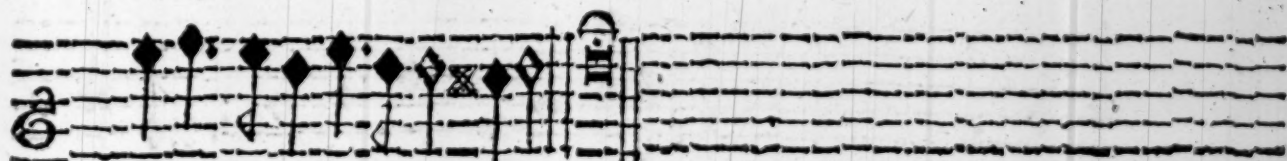
A la la la fa la la, O now weepe, now



sing fa la la la la la: for this is loue in frost



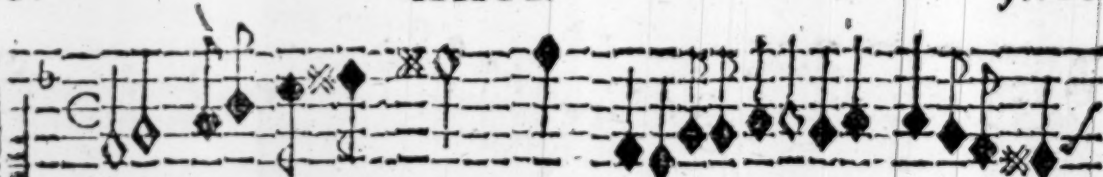
to fric, in teares to sing, in life to die, .ii. .ii. to die



and neuer to haue en- ding.



- 2 Falalala, &c.
 I die willingly,
 fa la la la la, &c.
 And yet I liue in spite of loue,
 in hope of gaine,
 And thinke to proue,
 some pleasure mingled with paine.



Las tarry but one halfe houre, .ii.

O tarry but



one halfe houre, vntill an opportunity fit my power then will I look

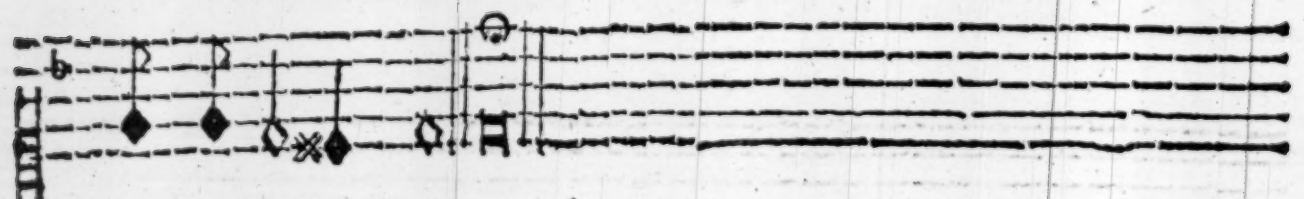


and sigh out all my sorrow, now euery body looketh on, and you



know I must be gone and .ii.

& you know I must be gon to



morrow, to morrow.

2 Adiew, why did I aspire high,
when I see my ruinous end so nigh,
Yet will I now prolong my last farewell,
else in sodaine sort to part,
will go neare to breake my heart,
that doth swell.



S deadly serpents lurking, so enuy lyeth wor.



king, still to disgrace those men which do strue



by vertues fame to augment their height of name, by labour, art



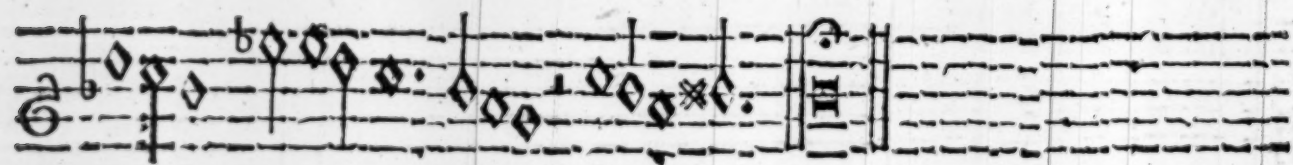
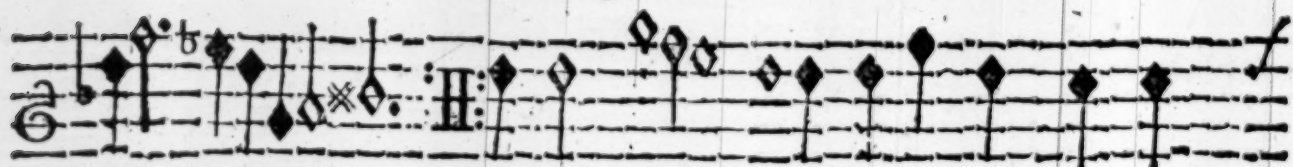
and pen.



But let all carping Momi,
and idle foolish Zoli,
what so ere they will report,
I put my selfe in venture
to iudgements learned censure
and men of better fort.



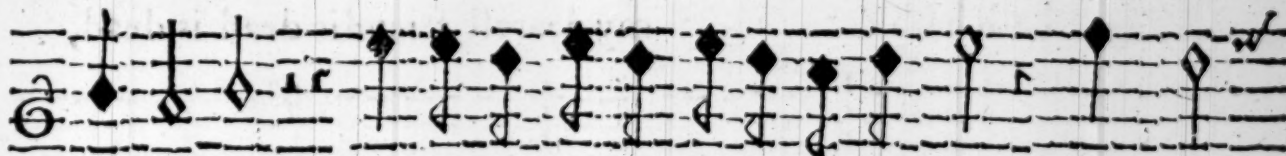
chi mir' ogn' hor .ii. .ii.





He Nightin-

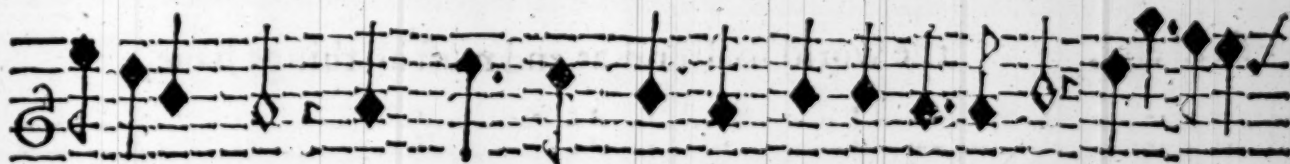
gall the Organ of



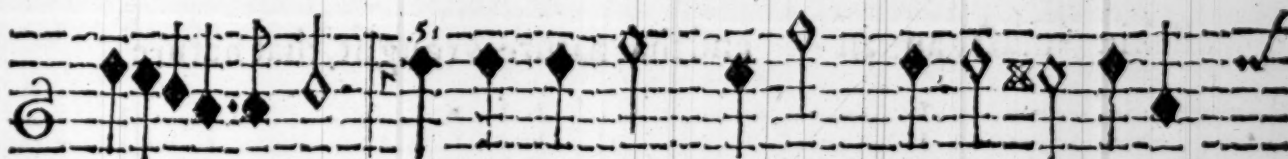
de light the nimble nimble nimble nimble Larke, the blacke



bird .ii. and the Thrush the Thrush, and all the pretty Cho-



risters of flight, that chant their Musicke notes in euery bush, ii.



Let them no more contend who shal excell, the



coockoo coockoo, the coockoo coockoo. ii. the coockoo,



coockoo .ii. .ii. .ii. .ii. is the bird that beares the bell.

E

A remembrance of my friend, M. Thomas Morley.

SEXTVS.

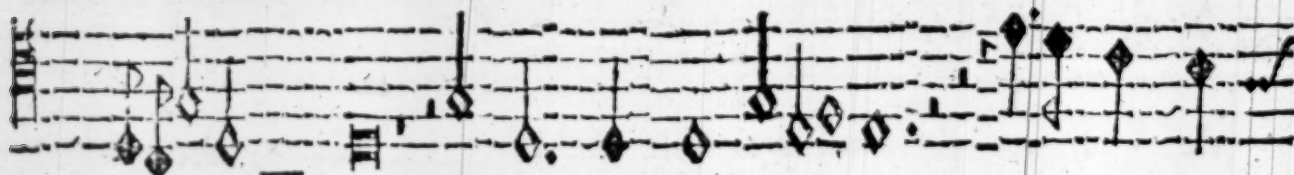
XXVI.

6.voc



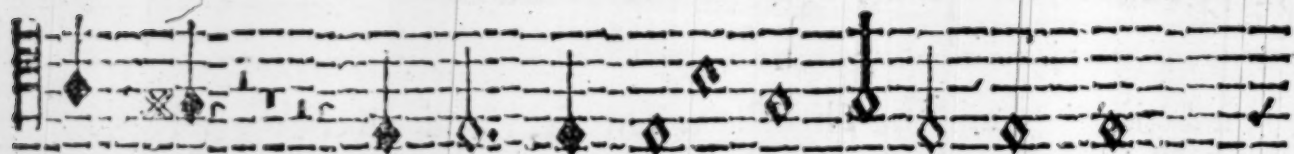
Eath hath &c.

my dearest friend is dead is dead,



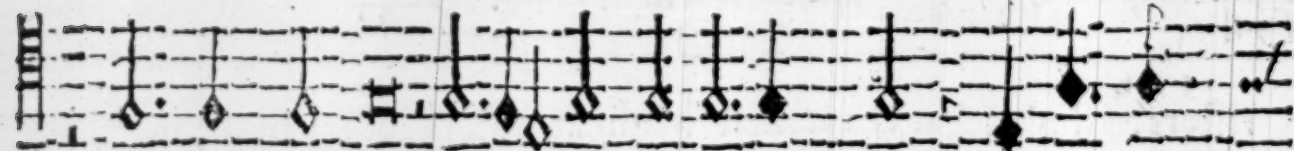
and laid in graue, in graue hee rests .ii.

vtill the world



shall end,

the world shall end, as end must all things haue,



all things must haue an

end that nature wrought, that nature



wrought must vnto dust be brought .ii.

must



vnto dust be brought .ii.

.ii.



A remembrance of my friend M Thomas Morley.

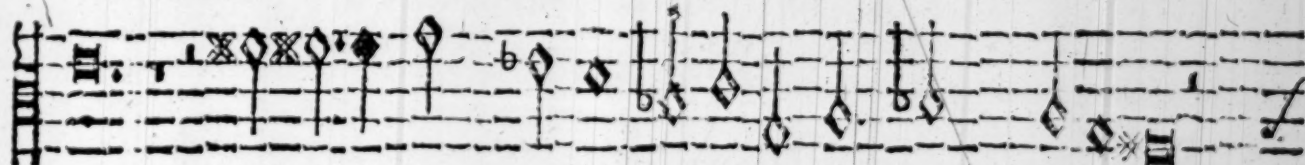
ALTUS

XXVI.

6, voc



Eath hath deprived mee, deprived mee of my dearest



friend, my dearest friend is dead, and laid in graue, in grane

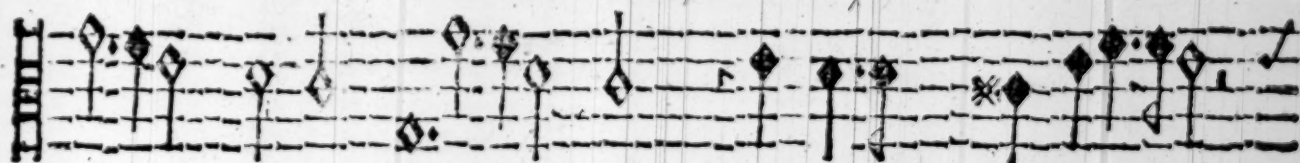


in graue he rests, in .ii.

untill the world shall end,



the world shall end, as end must all things haue, all things must haue



an end that nature wrought, that nature wrought that .ii.



must vnto dust be brought, must .ii.

must .ii.



must vnto dust be brought, vnto dust be brought.

And the Lord said unto him, My son

And the Lord said unto him, My son

And the Lord said unto him, My son

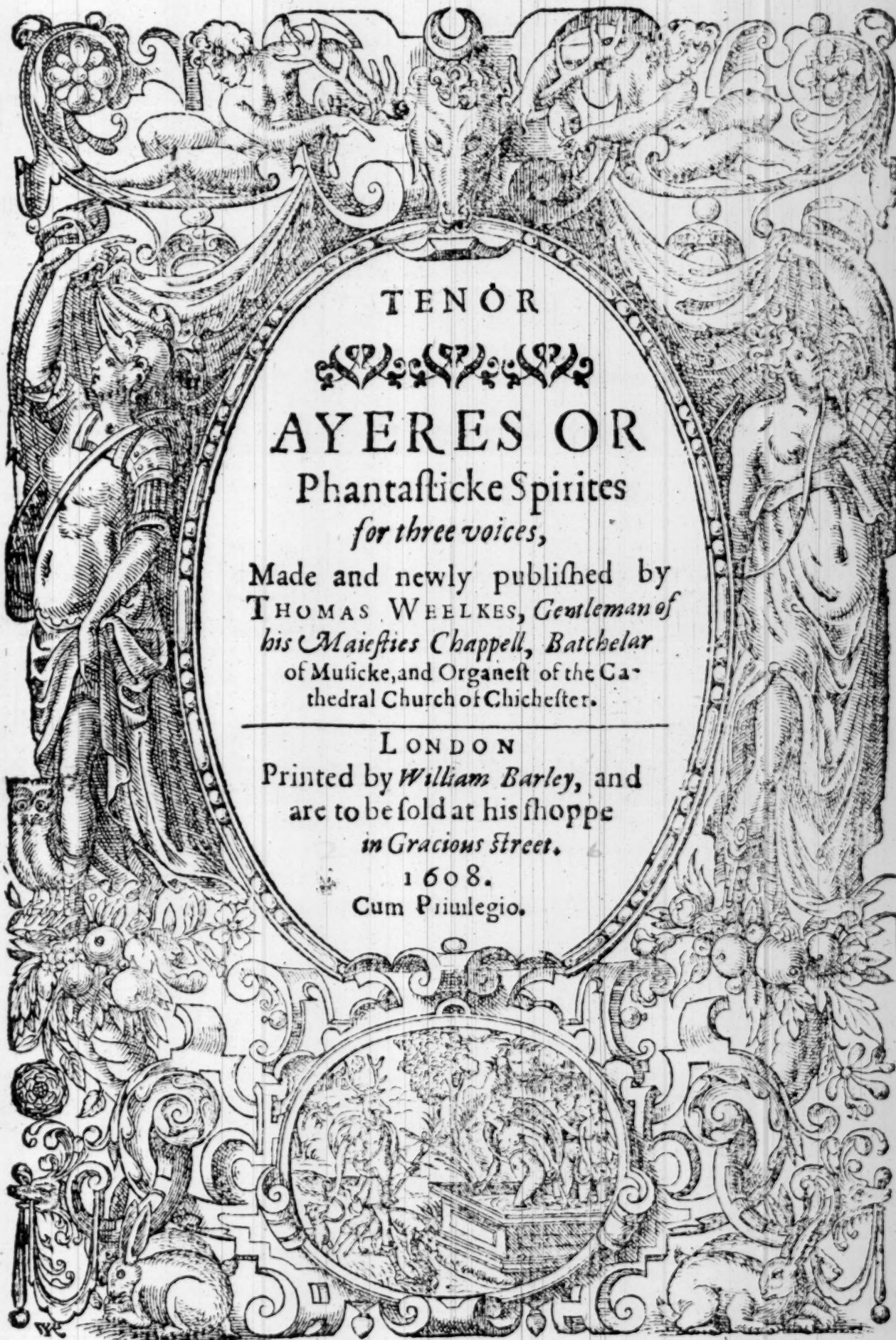
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TENOR

AYERES OR
Phantasticke Spirites
for three voices,

Made and newly published by
THOMAS WHEELKES, *Gentleman of*
his Maiesties Chappell, Batchelar
of Musicke, and Organest of the Ca-
thedral Church of Chichester.

LONDON

Printed by *William Barley*, and
are to be sold at his shoppe
in Gracions Street.

1608.

Cum Priuilegio.



TO THE RIGHT HO-
nourable EDVVARD L. DENNY, Baron
of Waltham, Thomas VVeelkes wisheth the
happines of both worldes.

Right Honourable, it were needlesse to
commend the worth of musicke to a
minde of noble disposition, for in the
natures of musicke and generous men,
ther is a sympathie, this being only grac'd
by them; and they the onely patrones
of this profession: besides, the particular
respect of duetie which I owe your Lordship, doth com-
maund this dedication, to whose seruice I owe the best of
all my labours, and the best of my duetious affections.
May it therefore please you to accept this poore demon-
stration of my duety and loue, to whose pleasure and ser-
uice, I truely dedicate my selfe, and these my labours.

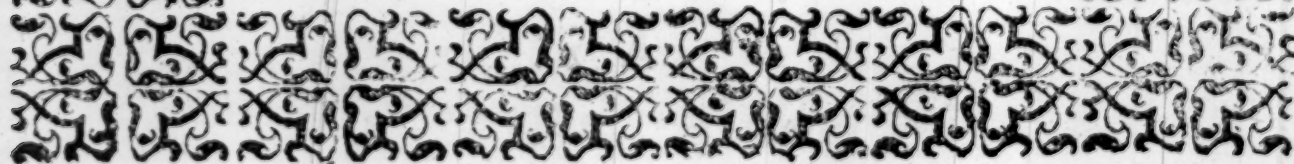
*Your Honors in all duety, and
humble seruice,*

THOMAS VVEELKES.



A Table of all the Songes contained in this Set.

Come come lets begin.	I
Iockey thine horne pipes dull.	II
Some men desire Spoufes.	III
To morrow is the marriage day.	IIII
Vpon a hill, the bonny boy.	V
Come firrah Iacke hoe.	VI
Tan ta ra ran tan tant.	VII
The Gods haue heard my vowes.	VIII
Though my carriage be but	IX
The Ape, the Monkey.	X
No, no though I shrinke still.	XI
Aye me alas hey hoe.	XII
Late in my rash accounting.	XIII
Fowre armes two neckes.	XIIII
Lord when I thinke.	XV
Say wanton will you loue me.	XVI
I be ligustrie rose.	XVII
Strike it vp Tabor.	XVIII
Ha ha this world doth passe.	XIX
Since Robin Hood.	XX
Fala la, O now weepe.	XXI
Alstarry but one halfe howre.	XXII
As deadly serpents lurking.	XXIII
Donnail vostro.	XXIIII
The Nightingale.	XXV
<i>A Song for 6. voices</i>	
Death hath depriued me.	XXVI



TENOR.

I.

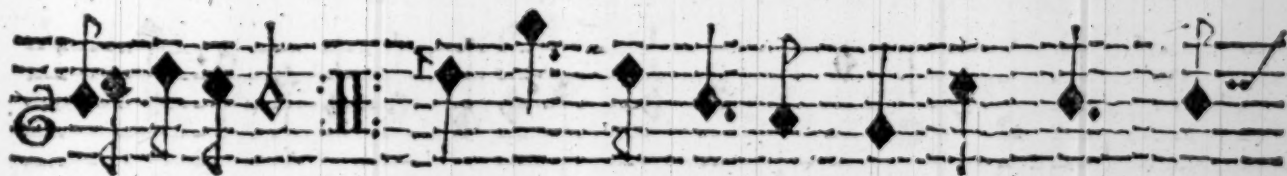
3. VOC.



Ome, come lets begin to reuel't out, to

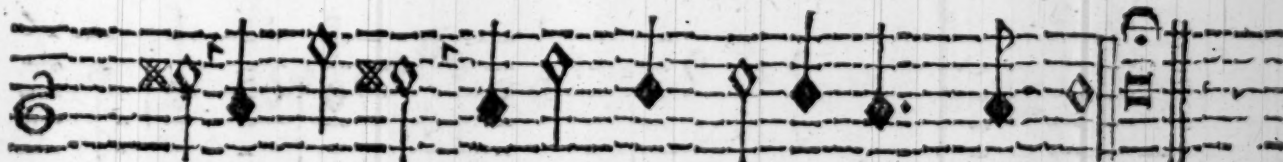


reuel't out, and tread the hilles and dales a



bout,

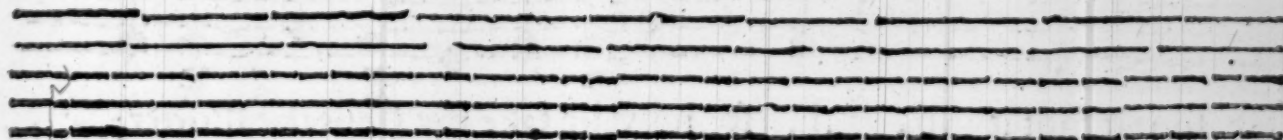
that hilles and dales and dales and woodes may



sound, an Eccho

.ii.

to this warbling round.



Lads merry bee with musicke sweete,
and Faires trip it with your feet,
Pans pipe is dull, a better straine,
doth stretch it selfe to please your vaine,

B



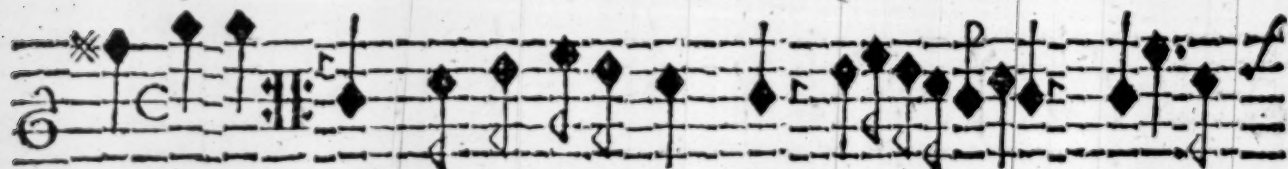
Ockey thine horne pipes dull, giue wind



man at full, sic vpon that gull, like an hoody



doody, all to moody, toodle, toodle, pipe it vp thicker, ile tread it



the quicker: why then about it roundly, .if. and I will



foot it foot it .ii. .ii. soundly, ile take my steps the shorter,



as if I trampled, trampled trampled mortar.

Darite growes so graue,
I may not her haue:
In a round when I do craue,
with hoop sir hoy day, O you hurt me
Toodle, Toodle,
set me thy worke by,
and come to me smurkly.

Then if she chauce to glance in,
Giue vs two roome to dance in,
Though my green ierkin bare is
Vs two to all the parish,

TENOR.

III.

3 VOC.



Some men desire spouses, that come of noble



houses, and some would haue in mariage ladies



of courtly cariage, fa la la fa la la, la la la



but few desire as I do, the maidenhead, the maidenhead .ii.



.ii. of a widow, fa la la la la la la



la la la la,

2 Some thinke faire youth will cherish,
Strength that begins to perish,
Ile haue no colis to taming,
Let me be young' st at gaming.

Ile get ore, ile go nigh too,
The maidenhead of a widdow.

B 2

TENOR.

IIII.

3. VOC.



O morrow is the marriage day of Mopsus



and faire Phillida,

Come shepheardes

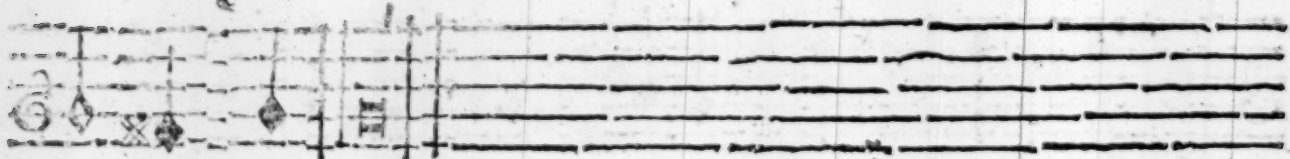


bring your garlands gay, your garlands, come shepheardes bring your



garlandes .ii.

Come shepheardes bring your garlands gay,



garlandes gay.

2 If loue lye in so fowle a nest,
and fowlenes on so faire a breast,
What louer may not hope the best.

3 O do not weepe faire Bellamoure,
though he be gone theres many more,
for loue hath many loues in store.

TENOR.

V.

3.voc



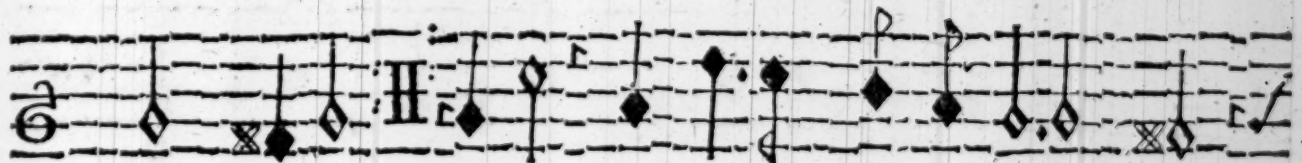
pon a hill, .ii. the bonny bonny boy,



.ii. sweet Thir is sweetly plaid, and



calde his lambes their maisters ioy, their maisters ioy, and more hee



would haue said, but loue, but loue that giues the louers wings,



withdrew his mind, his mind, .ii. from other things,

His pipe and he could not agree,
for Milla was his note,
This filly pipe could neuer get,
this louely name by rote.

With that they both fell in a sound,
he fell a sleepe, his pipe to ground.



Ome firrah Iacke hoe, fill some Tobacco, bring a wire,



and some fire, haft haft away, quicke I say, do not stay, shun delay, for



I dranke none good to day : If we are that this Tobacco it's perfect



Trinidado, by the very very mas, neuer neuer neuer was better gere then



is here, by the roode, for the bloud, it is very very good, tis very good.

2 Fill the pipe once more,
My braines daunce trench more,
It is headdy,
I am geeddy,

My head and braines,
Back and raines,
Iointes and vaines,
From all paines,

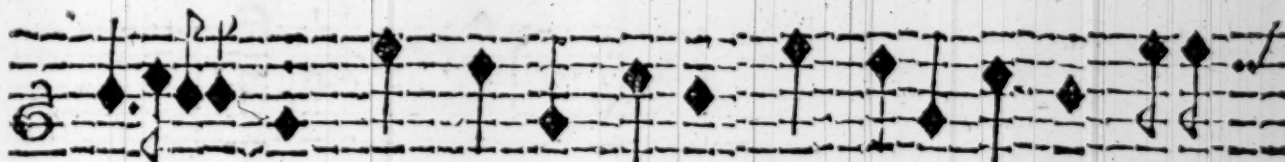
It doth well purge and make cleane.
Then those that doe Condemne it,
Or such as not Commend it,
Neuer were so wise to learne,
Good Tobacco to discern:
Let them go, plucke a crow, and not know as I do
The sweet of Trinidado.



An ta ra ran tan tant, cries Mars on bloody rampier



fa la fa la fa la, cries Venus in a Cham-ber toodle toodle



.ii. loo, cries Pan that Cuckoo, with belsat his shoo, and a



fiddle fiddle too, Aye mee, but I alas lye wee- ping, for death



hath flaine my sweeting, which hath my heart in kee- ping.



.ii.

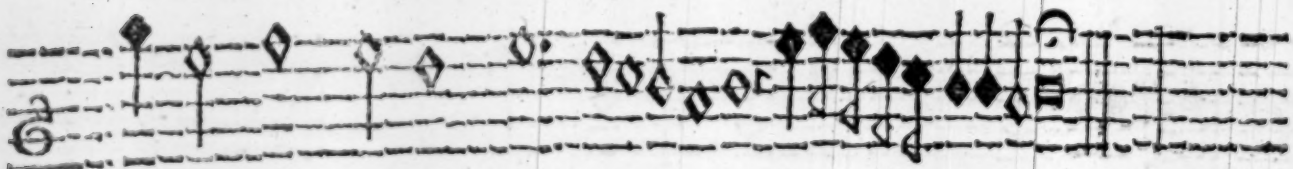




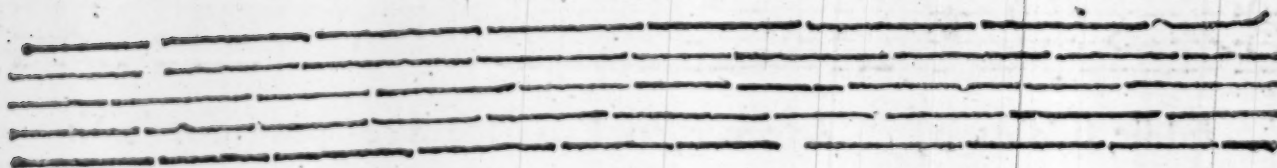
He Gods haue heard my vowes, fond Lyce,



whose faire browes wont scorne with such disdain, my loue,



.ii. my teares my paine .ii. fa la la la,



3 But now those spring-tide roses,
are turnde to winter poses,
to Rue, and time, and sage,
fitting that shriuled age,
Fa la la la, &c.

3 Now youthes with hote desire,
See, see that flamelesse fire,
Which erst your hearts so burned,
quicke into ashes turned.
Fa la la la &c.

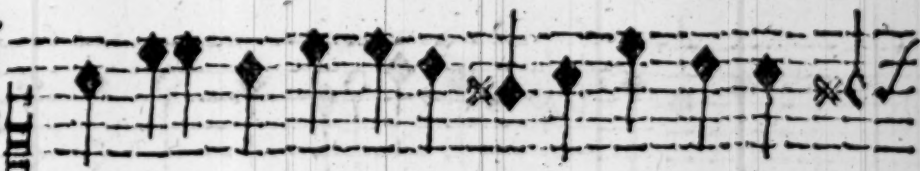
TENOR.

IX.

3. voc.



Hough my carriage be but carelesse, though my



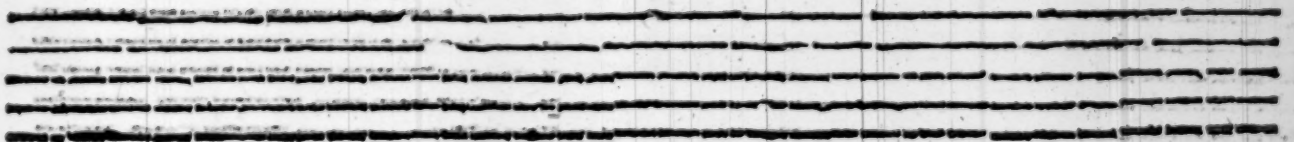
looks be of the sternest, yet my passions are compare-



lesse, when I loue, when I loue, .ii. .ii. .ii. I loue I



loue, I lone I loue, I loue in earnest,



2 No my wits are not so wild,
But a gentle soule may yoake me,
Nor my heart so hard compilde,
But it melts, if loue prouoke me.

C

TENOR.

X.

3 voc.



He Ape, the Monkey and Baboone did meete, and



breaking of their fast in fryday street, two of them sware together



solemnly in their three natures was a simpatic, Nay quoth Baboon,



I do deny that straine, I haue more knauery in me then you twaine.



Why quoth the Ape I haue a horse at will,
in Parris Garden for to ride on still,
and there shew trickes: tush quoth the Monkey I
for better trickes in great mens houses lie.
Tush, quoth Baboone, when men do know I come,
for sport, from City, country, they will runne.



O no, though I shrinke still, I shrinke still



yet I thinke stil that a wincke will do what louer



best know, fa la la liro logh .ii. .ii.



fala liro logh till then I will be glad, and then I will be mad, I will



be mad, hang vp all loue that is sad, fa la la liro logh .ii.



.ii.

fa la liro liro logh.

2

What what,
if she faine so,
then I plaine go,
in a vaine to
ouerthrow her that's flat, fa la la, &c.

O, but she loued me well,
no but I cannot tell,
who dares trust women or hell,

TENOR

XII.

3. voc.



Ye me alas, hey ho, hey hoe .ii. .ii



thus doth Messalina go about the house a cry-



ing vp and downe the house a crying, .ii.

for her

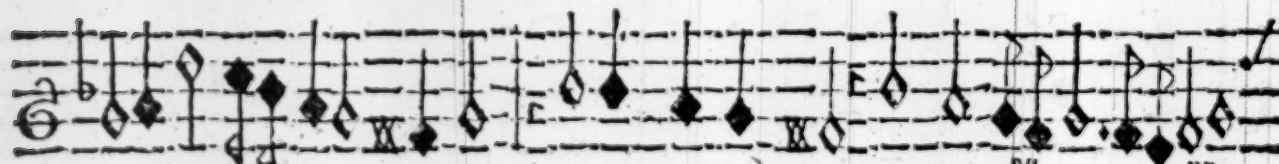


Monkey lyes a dying .ii.

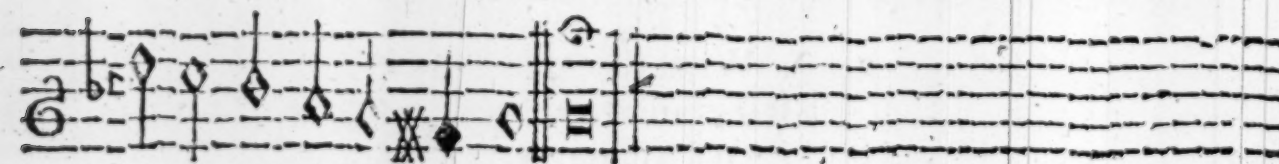
a dy- ing



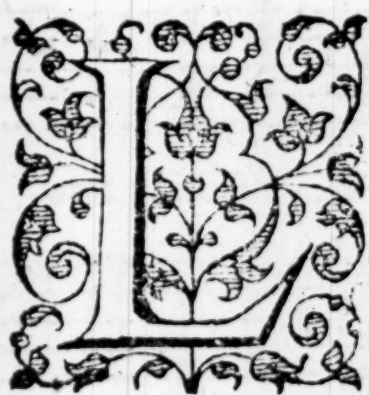
death thou art too cruel, to bereaue her Iewell, or to make a



feasure of her only treasure, if her Monkey die she will sit and crie,



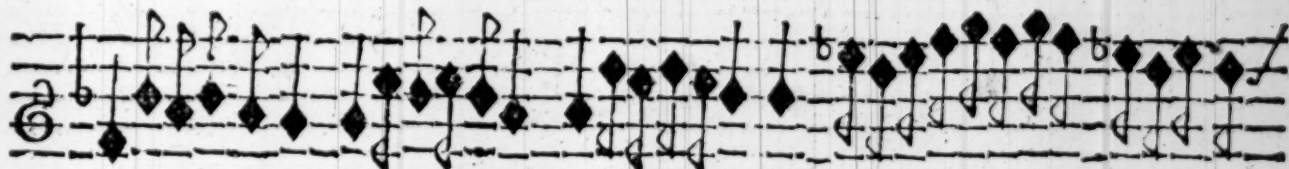
fie fie fie fie fie fie,



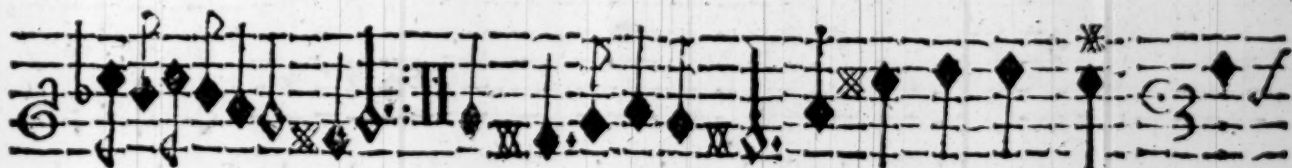
Ate in my rash accounting, my Fortune



was amoũting, fa la la la la fa la la



fa la la fa la la fa la la fa la la la la la



la la la la la and now all is vndone, al courses backwards run,



fa la la la la la fa la la la la la.

2 Harts greedy in desiring,
Are speedy in aspiring, fa la la &c.
But this femall sexe,
Make stout hearts breake their necks.

3 You Ladies faire and fickle,
Whose climbing thoughts do tickle, fa la &c.
Shall most deeply repent,
And finde a base descent.



F Owre arms, two neckes, one wreathing, two
 paire of lips one breathing, fa la la fa
 la la fa la la: two harts that multiply, fighes
 enterchangeably, fa la fa la la la fa la la la la
 fa la la fa la la.

- 2 The thought of this confound me,
 and as I speake it woundes me, fa la la, &c.
 It cannot be exprest,
 good help me whilst I rest.
- 3 Bad stomackes haue their loathing,
 and O this all is nothing, fa la la, &c.
 this no with griefes doth proue,
 report oftturnes in loue, fa la la.



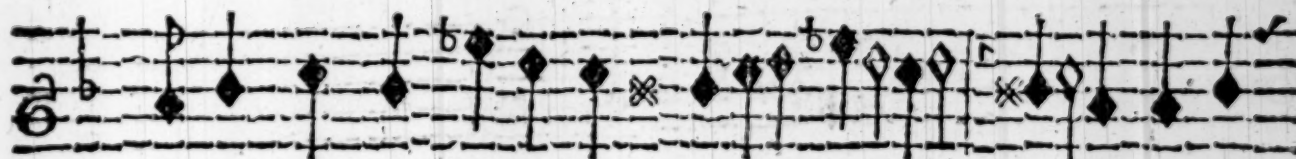
Ord when I thinke what a paltery thing is a



gloue or a ring, or a top of a fan to brag of, and



how much a Noddy will triumph in a buske point, busk point, snatch

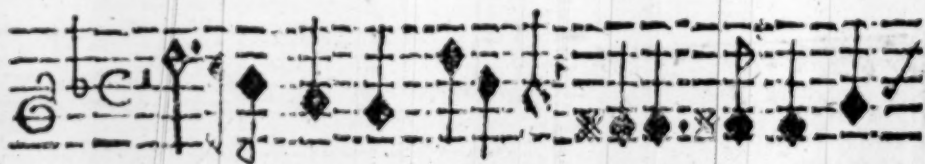


with the tagge of, snatch .ii. .ii. then I say, welfare



him that hath euer vsed close play.

2 And when I see,
 what a pittifull grace,
 hath a frowne in the face,
 Or a no in the lips of a Lady,
 and when I had wist,
 she would bee kist,
 When shee away did go,
 with hey hoe,
 I end so,
 Neuer trust any woman more then you know,



Ay wāton wil you loue me, I loue no long des



laying, no long delaying, I loue no lōg delaying,



.ii,

whilst that you strue to proue me, to proue me, I



feare your loues decaying decaying.



e Feare not my loues decaying,
 Whilst that you strue to proue me,
 I loue no long delaying,
 Come wanton then and loue me,

TENOR.

XVII.

3. voc.



Bei ligustrie rose, Ch'in voi natura, po' se

.ii.

Donna gen.



*
tismi fanno, ogn' hor mori

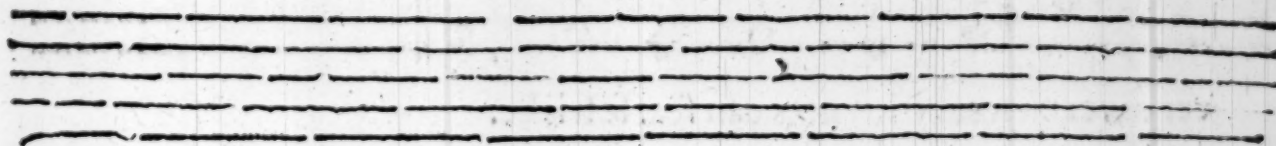
re, Si graue é la mia pena e l'



*
mio marti re,

.ii.

*
martire.



D



strike it up Tabor and pipe vs a fauour, thou shalt be



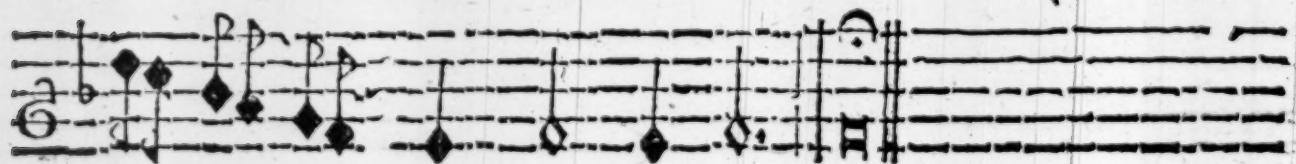
well paid well paid for thy labour: I meane to spend my shoe sole



to daunce about the May pole, I will be blith and briske, blith and



briske, ile leap and skip, hop and trip, turne about in the rout, vntill



very weary weary ioyntes can scarce friske.

2. Lusty Dicke Hopkin,
lay on with thy napkin,
the stitching cost me but a dodkin,
the Morris were halfe vndone,
Wert not for Martin of Compton,
O well said Iging Alce,
Pritty Gill,
stand you still,
Dapper lacke,
meane to smacke,
how now, fie, fie, you dance false.



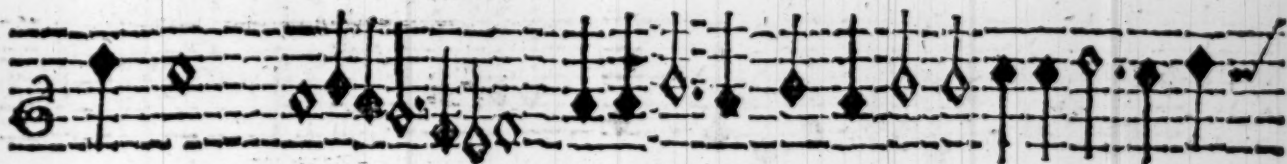
A ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ka ha ha ha this



world doth passe most merily most merily ile bee sworne, for many



an honest Indian Asse goes for a vnicorne, .ii. .ii.



.ii.

farra diddle diddle dyno .ii.



this is idle idle fino, .ii.

2 Tygh hygh, tygh hygh, O sweet delight,
he tickles this age that can,
call Tulliaes Ape a Marmasyte.
And Ledaes Goose a swan,
Fara diddle deyno,
this is idle fyno.

3 So so so so fine English dayes,
for false play is no reproch,
for he that doth the Cochuan prayse,
may safely vse the Coch,
fara dyddle deyno,
this is idle fyno.

D 2



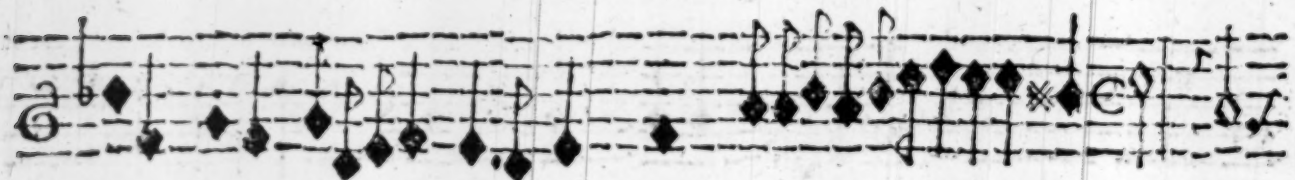
Ince Roben Hood, maid Marian, and little



Iohn are gone a, the hobby horse was quite for-

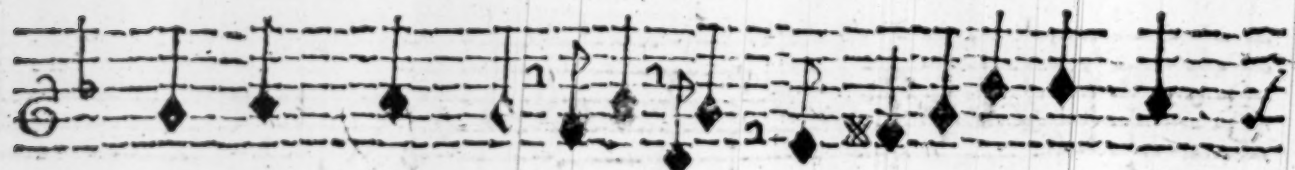


got, when Kempe did daunce a lone a, he did labour after the



tabor for to dance then into France, for .ii.

he



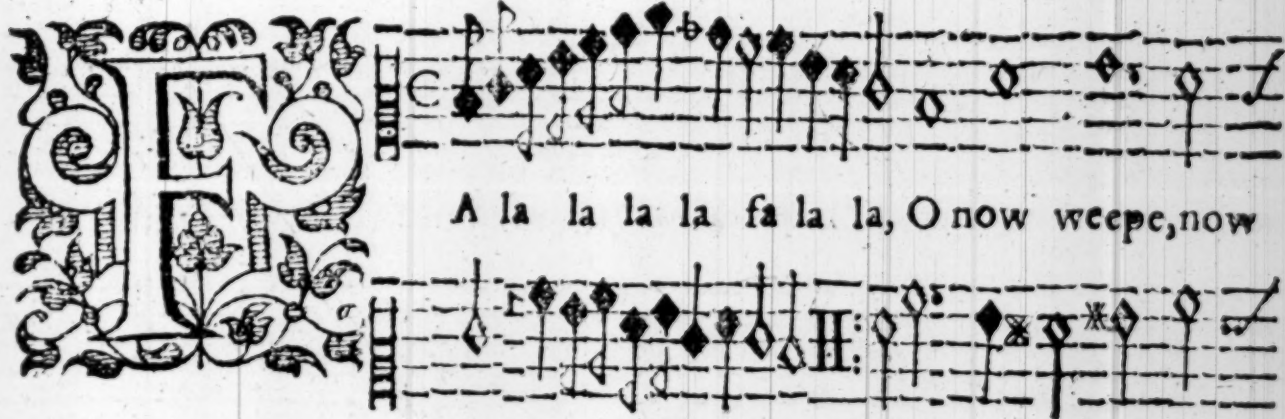
tooke paines, tooke paines to skip, .ii. to skip it in hope of



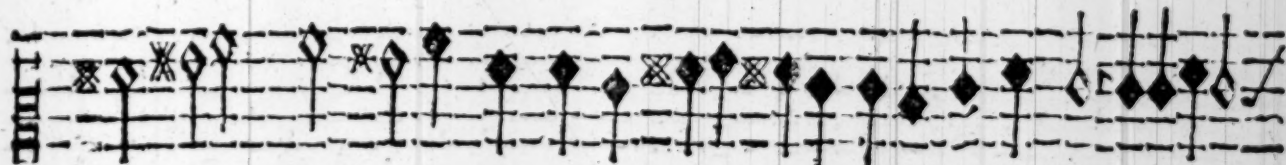
gaines .ii. he did trip it trip it .ii. on the toe, diddle diddle



diddle doe, .ii.



sing fa la la la la: for this is loue in frost



2. Fa la la la, &c.

I die willingly,
fa la la la la, &c.

And yet I liue in spite of loue,
in hope of gaine,

And thinke to proue,

some pleasure mingled with paine,

TENOR.

XXII.

3.veg.



Las tarry but one halfe houre, one halfe howre, vntill an



opportunity fit my power .ii.

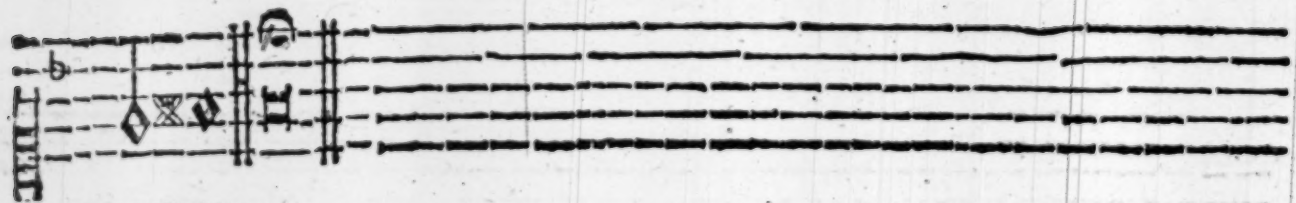
then will I looke



and sigh out all my sorrow, now euery body looketh on, and you



know I must be gone to morrow, and you know I must be gon to



morrow,

Adieu, why did I aspire high,
when I see my ruinous end so nigh,
Yet will I now prolong my last farewell,
else in sodaine sort to part,
will go neare to breake my heart,
that doth swell.



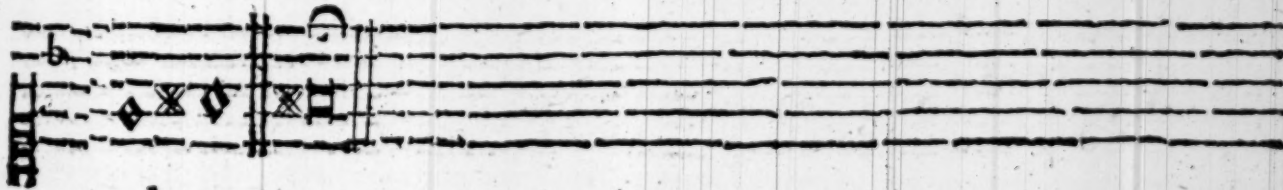
S deadly serpents lurking, so enuy lyeth wor.



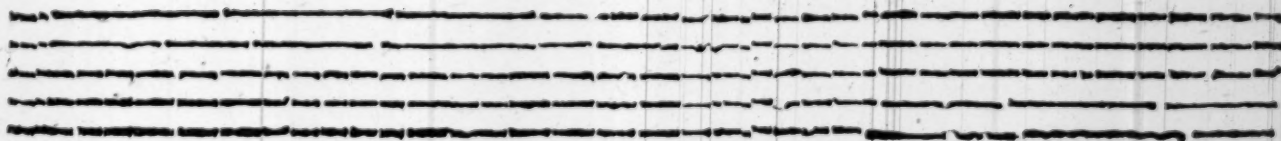
king, still to disgrace those men which do strue



by vertues fame to augment their height of name, by labour, and



and pen.



But let all carping Momi,
and idle foolish Zoili,
what so ere they will report,
I put my selfe in venture
to iudgements learned censure
and men of better sort.

TENOR.

XXIII.

3. VOC.



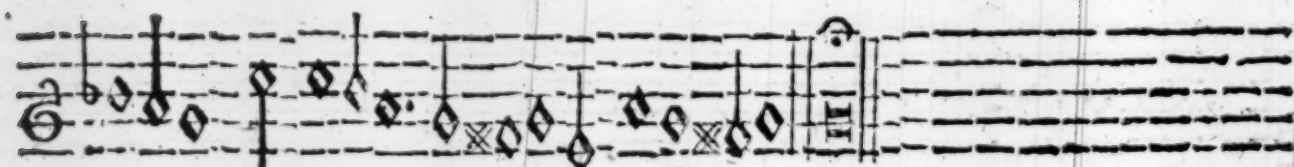
Onna il vostro bel viso vi so, Apr'a



chi mir' ogn' hor il paradi so, .ii,



Ma'l mio misero core, Sen vii' ogn' hor in



lagrim'e in lagrim'e dolore do re.





He Nighting

gale the Organ of delight



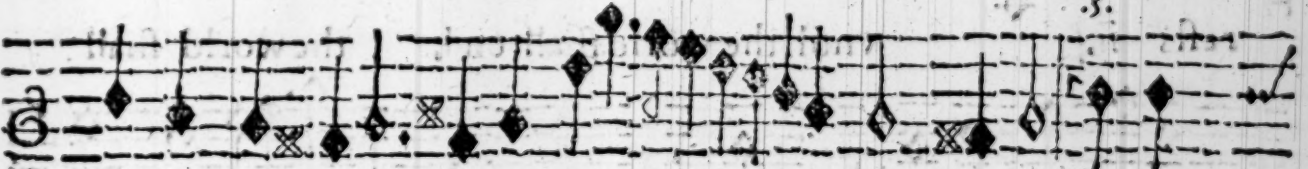
the nimble nimble .ii. Lark, the Blackbird .ii.

and the



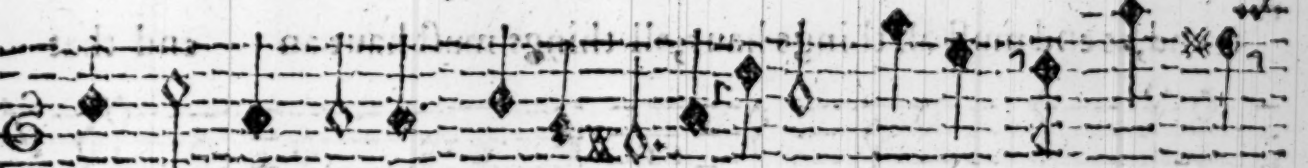
Thrush, and all the prittie queristers of

flight, that chant their



musicke notes in euery bush .ii.

let them



no more contend who shall excell, the cuckoo, coockoo, the coockoo



.ii. coockoo the coockoo coockoo is the bird coockoo .ii.



.ii. is the bird that beares the bell.

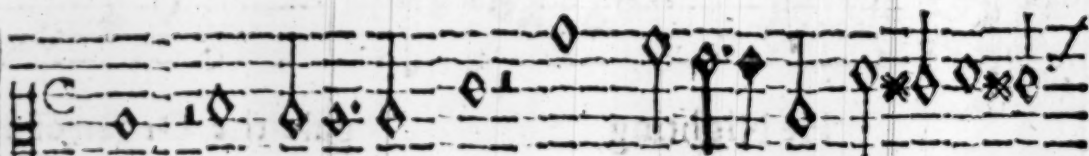
E

A remembrance of my friend M. Thomas Morley.

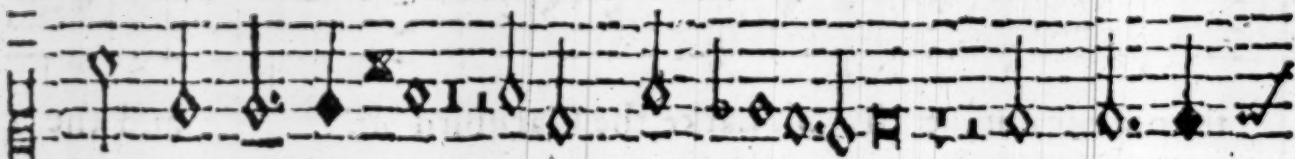
QVINT VS

XXVI

6.voc



Eath hath depriued mee, hath depriued me of my dearest



friend my dearest friend is dead and laid in graue, in graue hee



rests ii. vntill the world shall end, the world shall



end, as end must all things haue, all things must haue an end that



nature wrought, nature wrought, that nature wrought, must vnto



dust be brought must vnto dust be brought, to dust be brought



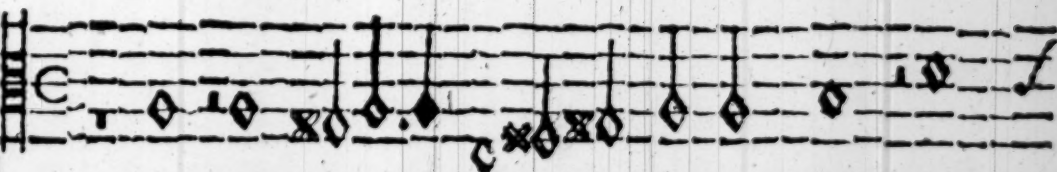
must ii. be brought.

A remembrance of my friend M. Thomas Morley.

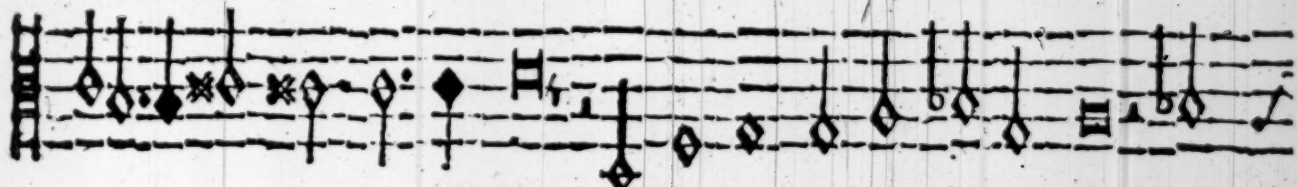
TENOR

XXVI.

6 voc



Eath bath deprived mee of my dearest friend, of



.ii.

my dearest friend is dead and laid in graue, in graue, in



graue he restes, in .ii.

untill the world shall end,

the world



shall end, as end must all thinges hane, all thinges must hane an



end, that na

ture wrought, that nature wrought, that .ii.



must vnto

dust be brought, must .ii.

must vnto dust



vnto dust be brought, bee brought.

E n

1772

ТЕНО

(1)

1841

any of the following is a good one for the purpose.

100

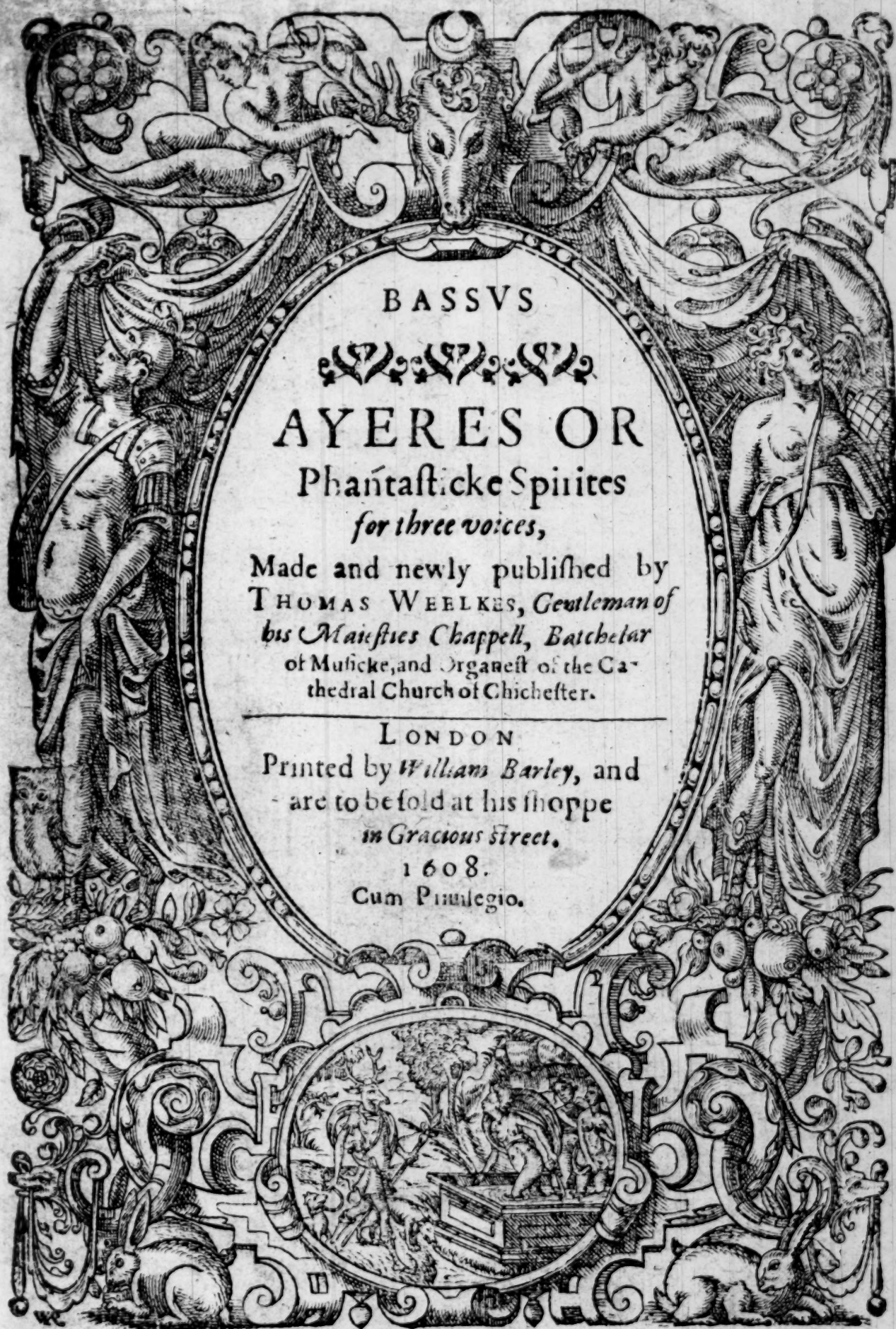
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500 5TH AVENUE
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

Handwritten text (likely bleed-through from the reverse side):

1914

	at New York	only five
--	-------------	-----------

1710





TO THE RIGHT NO-
ble and most worthy, E D V V A R D Lord,
D E N N Y, Baron of *Waltham*, Thomas
*VVeelkes wisheth the happines of
both worldes.*

RIGHT HONOVRABLE,

IT were needlesse to commend the
worth of musicke to a noble and vn-
derstanding disposition: for in the
natures of Artes and generous spirites,
ther is a sympathie, this being only grac'd
by them; and they the onely patrones
of this profession: I haue presumed, though not worthy
your acceptance (as to the fauourer of all vertue) humbly
to entreate your Lordship to patronize these my simple
labours, which if your Lordship vouchsafe, they haue
their hire, and my selfeuer bound (as is my duty) to doe
your Lordship all faithfull, dutifull and acceptable ser-
uice.

T H O M A S V V E E L K E S,

A 2



A Table of all the Songes contained in this Set.

Come come lets begin.	I
Iockey thine horne pipes dull.	II
Some men desire Spoufes.	III
To morrow is the marriage day.	IIII
Vpon a hill, the bonny boy.	V
Come firrah Iacke hoe.	VI
Tan ta ra ran tan tant	VII
The Gods haue heard my vowes.	VIII
Though my carriage be but	IX
The Ape, the Monkey.	X
No, no though I shrinke still.	XI
Aye me alas hey hoe.	XII
Late in my rash accounting.	XIII
Fowre armes two neckes.	XIIII
Lord when I thinke.	XV
Say wanton will you loue me.	XVI
I beil: gustrie rose.	XVII
Strike it vp Tabor.	XVIII
Ha ha this world doth passe.	XIX
Since Robin Hood.	XX
Fala la, O now weepe.	XXI
Alstarry but one halfe howre.	XXII
As deadly serpents lurking.	XXIII
Donna il vostro.	XXIIII
The Nightingale.	XXV
<i>A Song for 6. voices</i>	
Death hath depriued me.	X XVI



BASSVS.

I.

3. VOC.



Ome, come lets begin lets begin to reuel't out,



to reuel't out, and tread the hilles and dales a



bout,

that hilles and dales and woodes may sound, an Eccno



.ii.

to this warbling round.

Lads merry bee with musicke sweete,
and Faires trip it with your feet,
Pans pipe is dull, a better straine,
doth stretch it selfe to please your vaine,

B



Okey thine horne pipes dull, giue wind



man at full, fie vpon such a sad gul, like an hoody



doody, all to moody, toodle, loodle, pipe it vp thicker, ile tread it



the quicker: why then about it roundly, .ii.

and I will



foot it foot it .ii. .ii. soundly, ile take my steps the shorter,



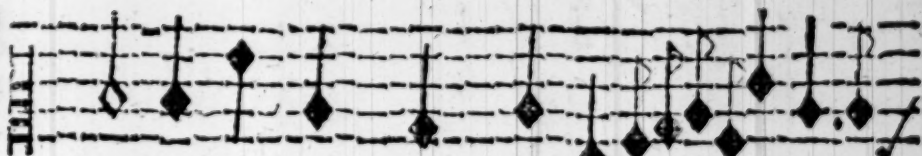
as if I trampled, trampled trampled mortar.

Darite growes so graue,
 I may not her haue:
 In a round when I do craue,
 with hoop sir hoy day, O you hurt me
 Toodle, Toodle,
 set me thy worke by
 and come to me smurkly.

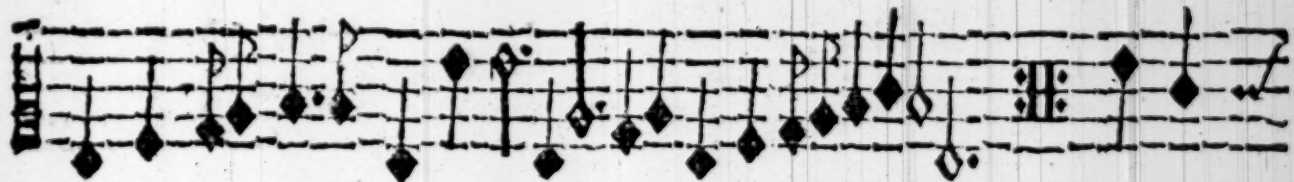
Then if she chance to glance in,
 Giue vs two roome to dance in,
 Though my green ierkin bare is
 Vs two to all the parish,



Some men desire spouses, that come of noble



houses, and some would haue in mariage ladies



of courtly cariage, fa la fa la la fa la la la, but few



desire as I do, the maidenhead, the maidenhead .ii.



.ii. of a widow, fa la la la fa la la



la la la la la.

2 Some thinke faire youth will cherish,
Strength that begins to perish,
He haue no colts to taming,
Let me be young st at gaming.

He get ore, ile go nigh too,
The maidenhead o: a widdow.

BASS VS.

II.

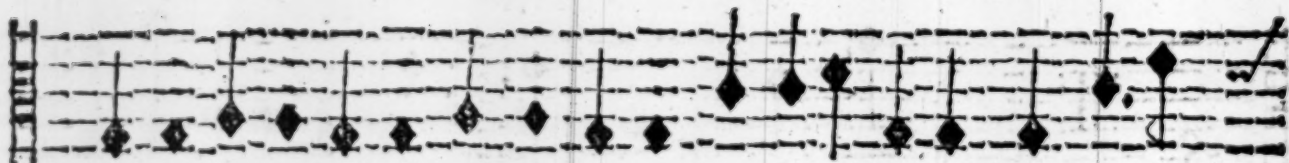
3 voc.



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doodly, all to moody, toodle, loodle, pipe it vp thicker, ile tread it



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 In a round when I do craue,
 with hoop sir hoy day, O you hurt me
 Toodle, Toodle,
 set me thy worke by
 and come to me smurkly.

Then if she chance to glance in,
 Giue vs two roome to dance in,
 Though my green jerkin bare is
 Vs. two to all the parish,

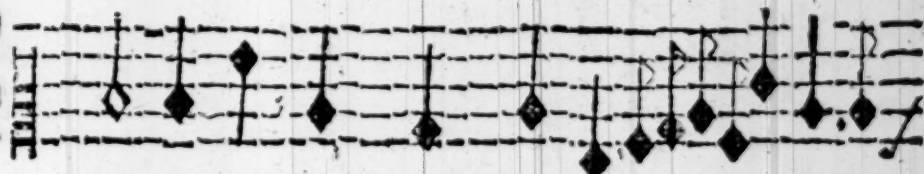
BASSVS.

III

3 VOC.



Some men desire spouses, that come of noble



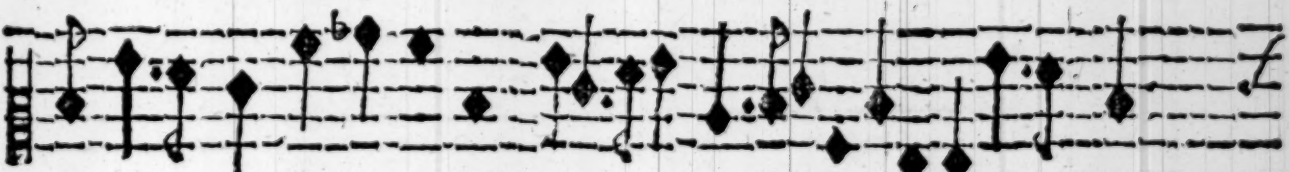
houses, and some would haue in mariage ladies



of courtly cariage, fa la fa la la fa la la la, but few



desire as I do, the maidenhead, the maidenhead .ii.



.ii. of a widow, fa la la la fa la la



la la la la la.

2 Some thinke faire youth will cherish,
Strength that begins to perish,
Ic haue no colts to taming,
Let me be young'st at gaming.

Ic get ore, ic go nigh too,
The maidenhead of a widdow.

B 2

BASS V S.

IIII.

3. VOC.



O morrow is the marriage day of Mopsus

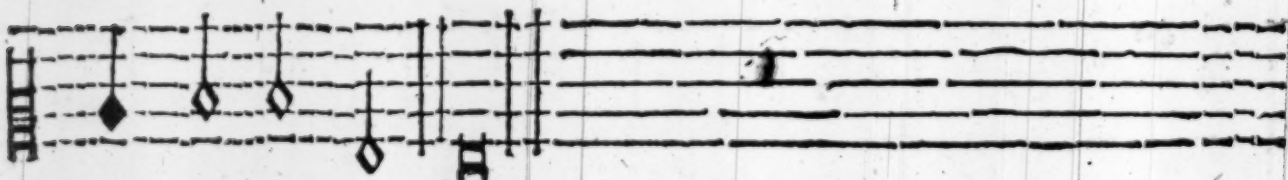


and faire Phillida, Come shepheards bring your

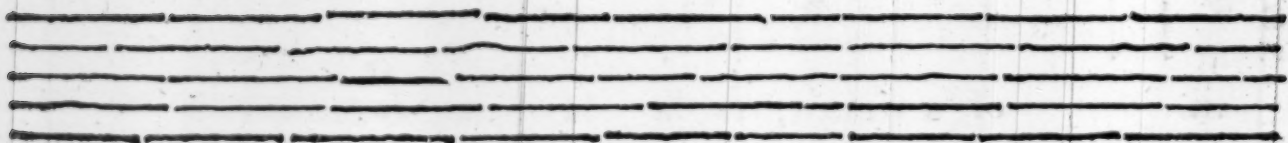


garlands gay, .ii.

.ii.



your garlands gay.



- 2 If loue lye in so fowle a nest,
and fowlness on so faire a breast,
What louer may not hope the best.
- 3 O do not weepe faire Bellamoure,
though he be gone theres many more,
for loue hath many lones in store.

BASS V S.

V.

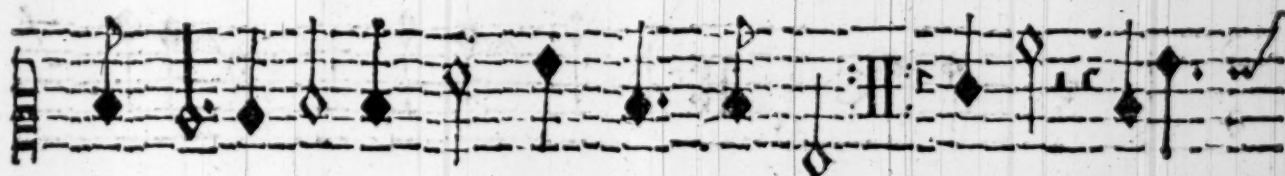
3. voc.



Pon a hill, ii.

a hill, the bony bony boy,

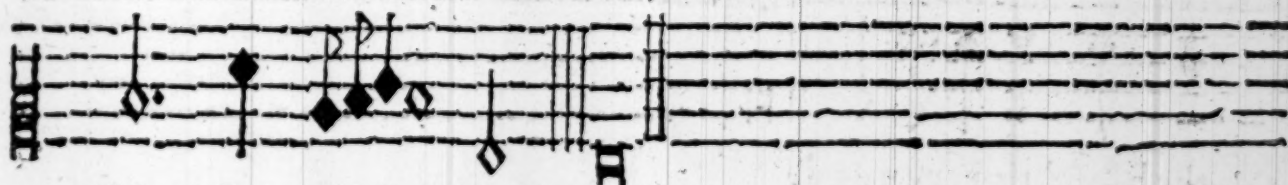
sweet Thirfis sweetly plaid, and calde his lambes



their maisters ioy, and more hee would haue said, but loue, but loue



that giues the louers wings, withdrew his mind, his mind from other



things, from o- ther things,

2 His pipe and he could not agree,
for Milla was his note,
This filly pipe could neuer get,
this louely name by rote.

With that they both fell in a sound,
he fell a sleepe, his pipe to ground.

B 3



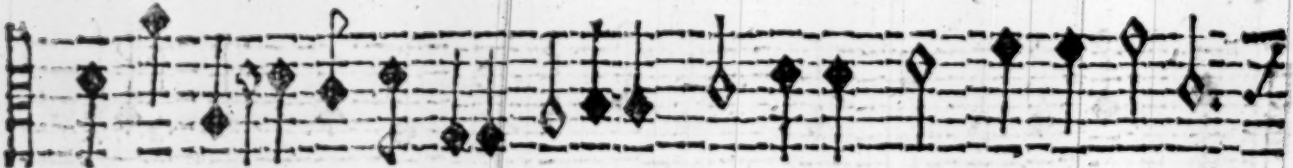
Ome firrah Iacke hoe, fill some Tobacco, bring a wire,



and some fire, hast hast away, quicke I say, do not stay, shun delay, for



I dranke none good to day : If weare that this Tobacco it's per



fect Trinidado, by the very mas, neuer was better gere then is here, for



the bloud, tis very good.

2 Fill the pipe once more,
My braines daunce trenchmore,

It is headdy,

I am geeddy,

My head and braines,

Back and raines,

Iointes and vaines,

From all paines,

It doth well purge and make cleane.

Then those that doe Condemne it,

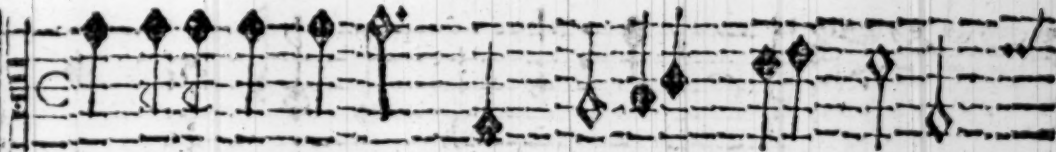
Or such as not Commend it,

Neuer were so wise to learne,

Good Tobacco to discern.

Let them go, plucke a crow, and not know as I do

The sweet of Trinidado.



An ta ra ran tan tant, cries Mars on bloody rampier



fa la fa la fa la, cries Venus in a Chamber toodle loodle



loo, cries Pan that Cuckoo, with belsat his shoo, and a fiddle fiddle



too, Ay me, but I alas lye weeping, for death hath slaine my



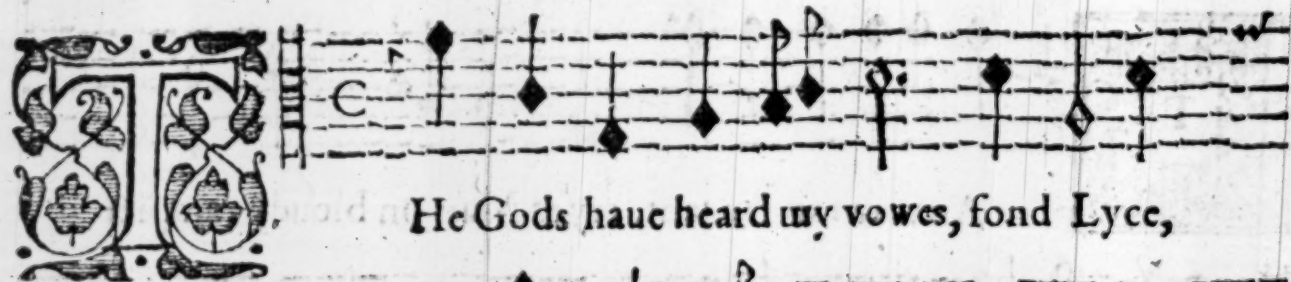
sweeting, which hath my heart in keeping, my hart in keeping.



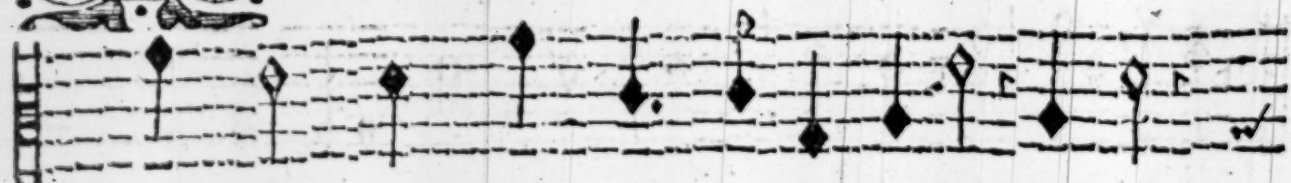
BASS V S.

VIII.

3. VOC



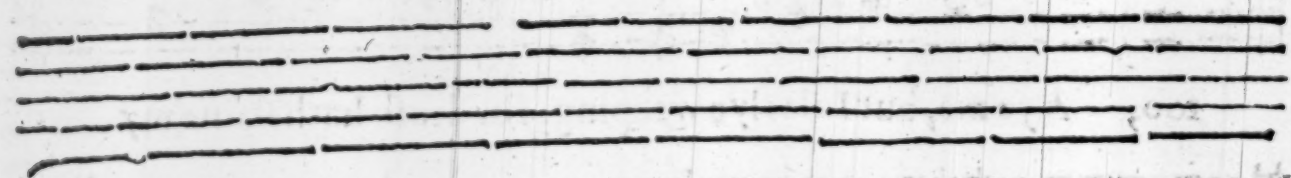
He Gods haue heard my vowes, fond Lyce,



whose faire browes wont scorne with such disdaine, my loue,



.ii. my teares my paine .ii. fa la la la la,



2 But now those spring-tide roses,
are turnd to winter poses,
to Rue, and time, and sage,
fitting that shriuled age,
Fa la la la, &c.

3 Now youthes with hote desire,
See, see that flamelesse fire,
Which erst your hearts so burned,
quicke into ashes turned.
Fa la la la &c.

BASSVS.

IX.

3. voc.



Hough my carriage be but carelesse, though my

looks be of the sternest, yet my passions are compar-



lesse, when I loue, when I loue, I loue, I loue, I loue, I loue in earnest.

2 No my wits are not so wild.
But a gentle soule may yoake me,
Nor my heart so hard compilde,
But it melts, if loue prouoke me.



He Ape, the Monkey and Babone did meete, and



breaking of their fast in fryday street, in their three natures



was a simparchie, Nay quoth Baboone, I do deny that straine, I haue



more knauery in me then you twaine.

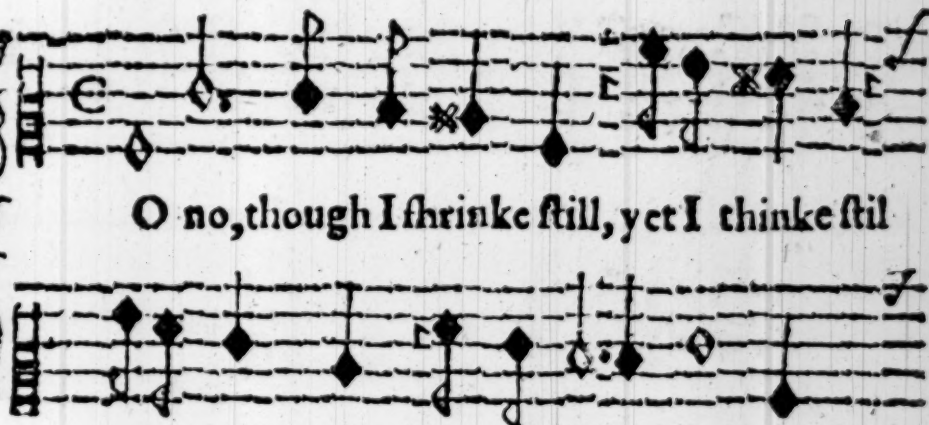


- Why quoth the Ape I haue a horse at will,
in Parris Garden for to ride on still,
and there shew trickes: tush quoth the Monkey I
for better trickes in great mens houses lie.
Tush, quoth Baboone, when men do know I come,
for sport, from City, country, they will runne.

BASSVS.

XL

3 voc.



O no, though I shrinke still, yet I thinke stil

that a wincke will do what louers best know,



fa la la lirologh .ii.

.ii.

.ii.

till then



I will be glad, and then I will be mad, hang vp all loue that is sad, fa la



la lirologh .ii.

.ii.

.ii.

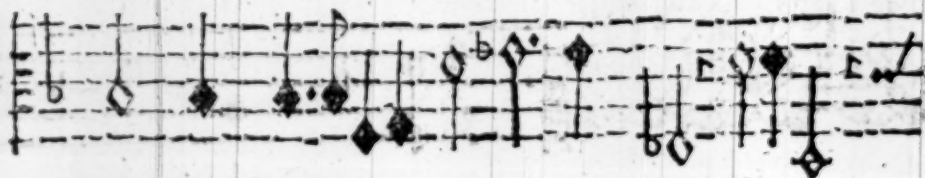
2

What what,
if she faine so,
then I plaine go,
in a vaine to
ouerthrow her that's flat, fa la la, &c.

O, but she loued me well,
no but I cannot tell,
who dares trust women or hell,



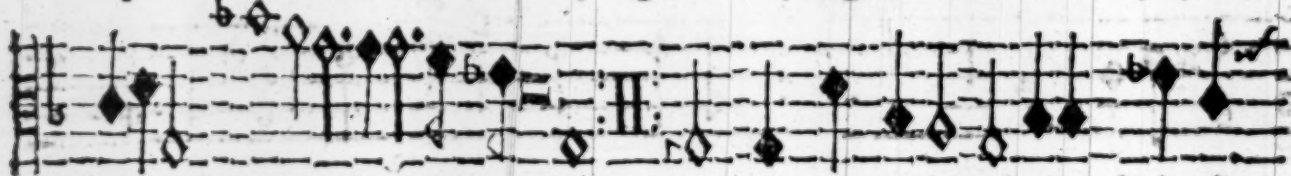
Ye me alas, hey hoe, hey hoe .ii. .ii.



thus doth Messalina go vp and downe .ii.



vp and downe the house a crying, a crying, for her Monkey lyes a



dying for .ii.

death thou art too cruel, to bereaue her



Iewell, or to make a seasure of her onely treasure, if her Monkey die



shewill sit and crie, fie fie fie fie fie fie fie fie.





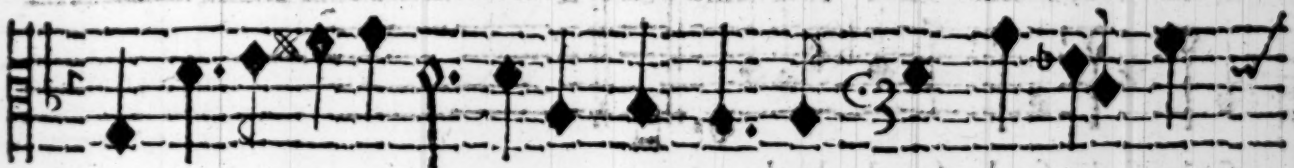
Ate in my rash accounting, my Fortune



was amounting, fa la fa la la fa la la fa



la la fa la la fa la la fa la la la la:



and now all is vndone, all courtes backward runne, fa la la fa



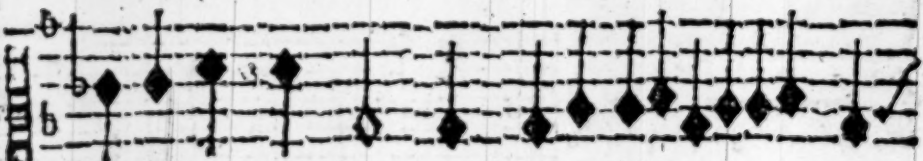
la la fa la fa la ia fa la la fa la la la.

- 2 Harts greedy in desiring,
Are speedy in aspiring, fa la la &c.
But this femall sexe,
Make stout hearts breake their necks.

- 3 You Ladies faire and fickle,
Whose climbing thoughts do tickle, fa la &c.
Shall mott deeply repent,
And finde a base descent.



Owre armes, two neckes, one wreathing, two



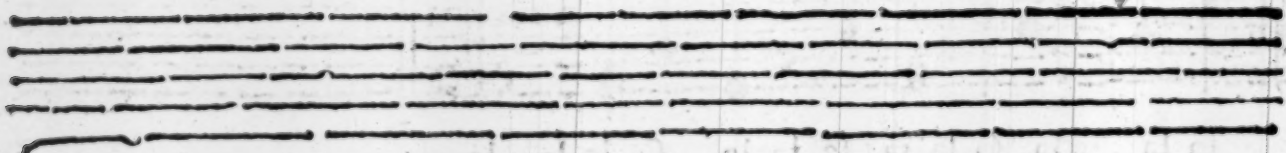
paire of lips one breathing, fa la la fa la' la fa



la la: two hearts that multiply, sighes enterchangeably, fa la fa la



fa la fa la fa la fa la la la,

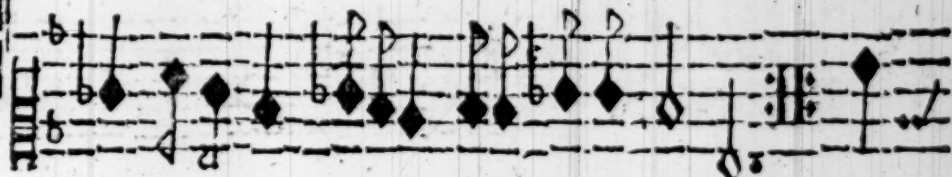


1 The thought of this confound me,
and as I speake it woundes me, fa la la, &c.
It cannot be exprest,
good help me whilst I rest.

3 Bad stomackes haue their loathing,
and O this all is nothing, fa la la, &c.
this no with griefes doth proue,
report oft turnes in loue, fa la la.



Ord when I thinke what a paltery thing is a



gloue or a ring, or a top of a fan to brag of, and



how much a Noddy will triumph in a buske point, snatch with the

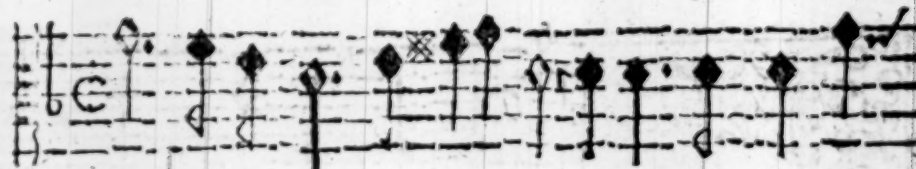


tagge of, snatch with the tagge of, then I say, well fare him



that hath euer vsed close play.

2 And when I see,
 what a pittifull grace,
 hath a frowne in the face,
 Or a no in the lips of a Lady,
 and when I had wist,
 she would bee kist,
 When shee away did go,
 with hey hoe,
 I end so,
 Neuer trust any woman more then you know,



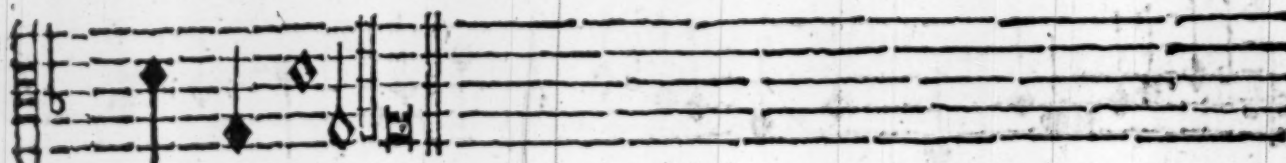
Ay wanton wil you loue me, I loue no long de



laying, delaying, I loue no long delay, ing,



whilst that you strue to proue me to proue me, I feare your



loues decaying.

2 Feare not my loues decaying,
Whilst that you strue to proue me,
I loue no long delaying,
Come wanton then and loue me,

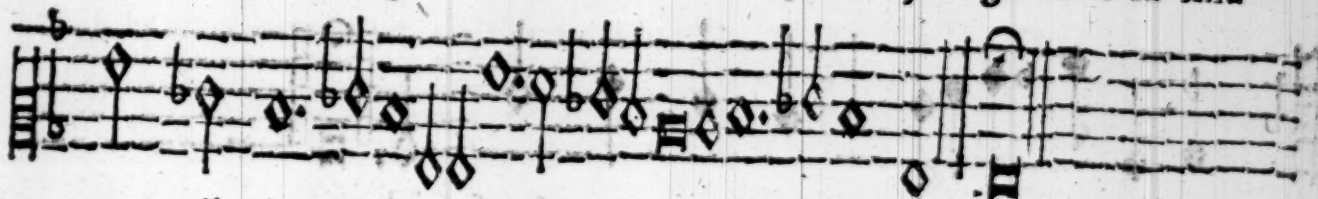


sc. ii.

Donnagen



re, Si graue é la mia



pena e'l mio martire, ii.



how now, he's a
lapper Jacke,
mistero Jacke,
D



strike it vp Tabor and pipe vs a fauour, thou shalt be

well paid for thy labour :

to dance about the Maypole, I

will be blith and briske, leap and skip, hop and trip, turne about in

the rout, vntill very weary ioyntes can scarfe friske.

a Lusty Dicke Hopkin,
lay on with thy napkin,
the stitching cost me but a dodkin,
the Morris were halfe vndone,
Wert not for Martin of Compton,
O well said Iging Alce,
Pritty Gill,
stand you still,
Dapper lacke,
meane to smacke,
how now, fie, fie, you dance false.



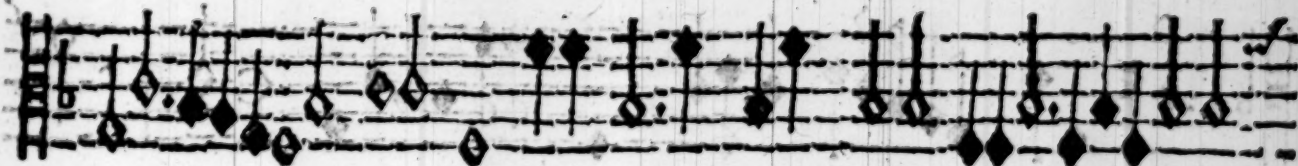
A ha ha ha ha ha .ii. .ii. this



world doth passe most merily most merily I wil be sworn, for many



an honest Indian Ass goes for a vnicorne, goes for an vnicorne



.ii. a vnicorne, farra diddle diddle dy no .ii.



this is idle idle fine, .iii.

2 Tygh hygh, tygh hygh, O sweet delight,

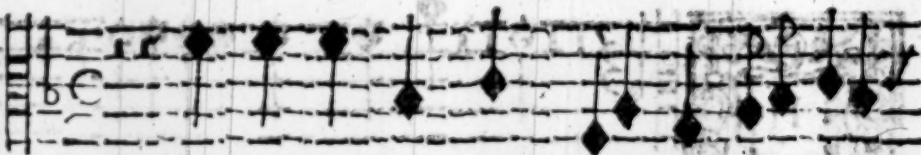
he tickles this age that can,
call Tulliaes Ape a Marmasyte.

And Ledaes Goose a swan,

Fara diddle deyno,
this is idle fyno.

3 So so so so fine English dayes,
for false play is no reproch,
for he that doth the Cochman prayse,
may safely vse the Coch,
fara dyddle deyno,
this is idle fyno.

D 1



Ince Roben Hood, maid Marian, and little



Iohn are gone a, the hobby horse was quite for-



got, when Kempe did daunce a lone a, he did labour after the



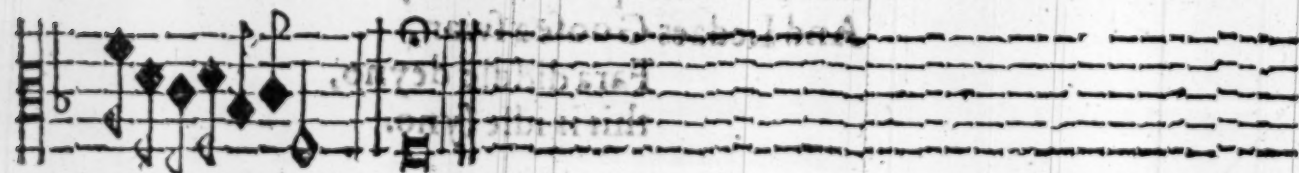
tabor for to dance then into France, for .ii. he



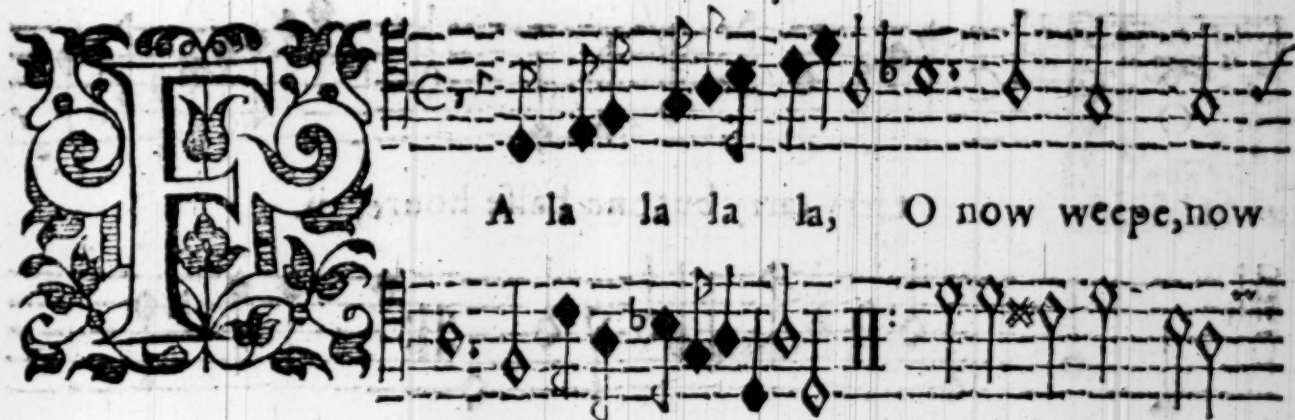
took pains to skip, to skip .ii. to skip it in hope of gains of gains



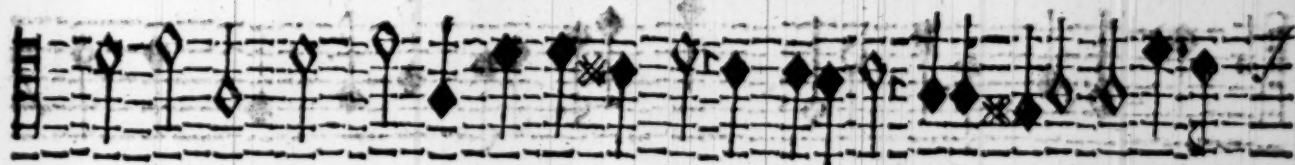
he will trip it trip it trip it on the toe, diddle diddle diddle-doe,



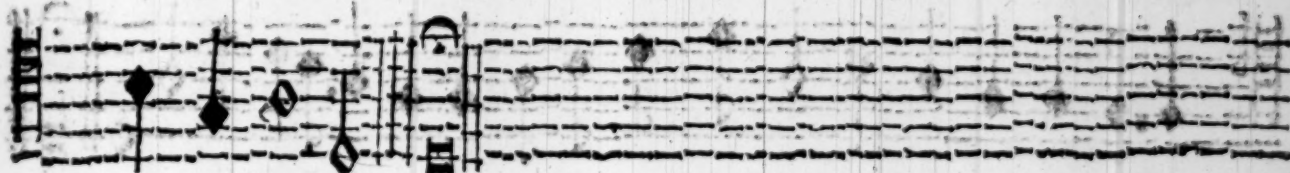
.ii.



sing fa la la la la lar for this is loue in frost



to frie, in teares to sing, in life to die, ii. and neuer



to haue ending.

Y et will I now prolong my last farewell,
 when I see my minours endle night.

Fa la la la, &c.

I die willingly,

fa la la la la, &c.

And yet I liue in spite of loue,

in hope of gaine,

And thinke to proue,

some pleasure mingled with paine.



tarry tarry but one halfe houre, .ii.



for halfe houre, vtill an opportunity fit my power then will I looke



and sigh out all my sorrow, now euery body looketh on, and you

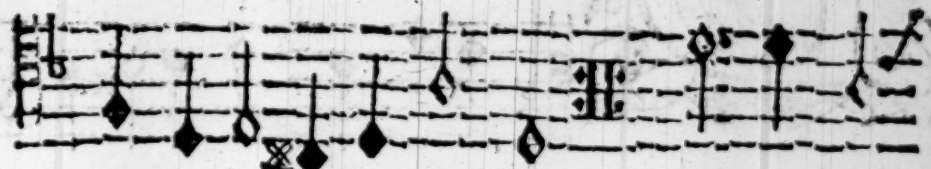


know I must be gon & you know I must be gon to morow, to morow.

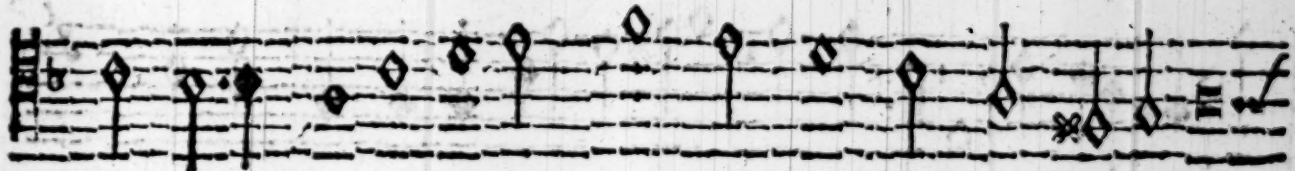
Adieu, why did I aspire high,
when I see my ruinous end so nigh,
Yet will I now prolong my last farewell;
else in sodaine sort to part,
will go neare to breake my heart,
that doth swell.



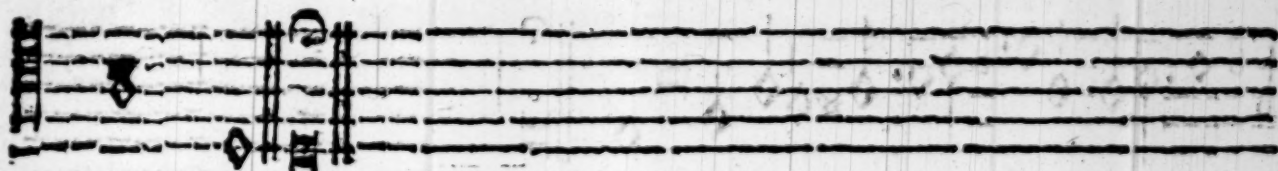
S deadly serpents lurking, so enuy lyeth wor.



king, still to disgrace those men which do strue



by vertues fame to augment their height of name, by labour, and

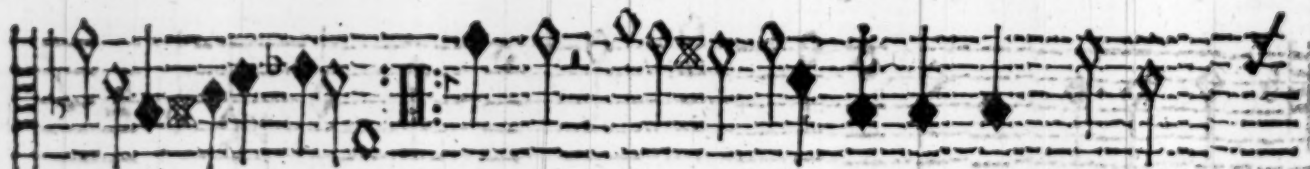


and pen.

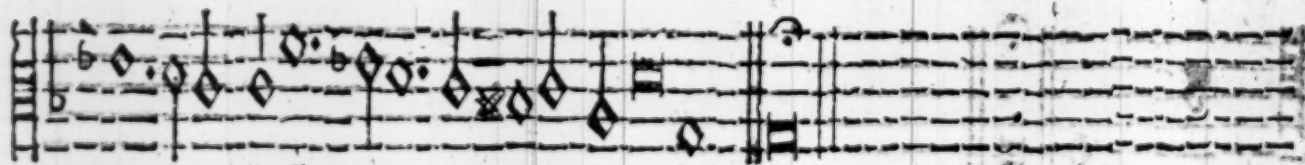
But let all carping Momi,
and idle foolish Zolli,
what so ere they will report,
I put my selfe in venture
to iudgements learned censure
and men of better sort.



chi mir' ogn' hor il paradiso, .ii.



Ma'l mio misero core, Sen viu' ogn' hor in



lagrim'e in lagrim'e dolore do re.





He Nightin-

gall the Organ of

delight the nimble nimble nimble nimble Larke, the blacke

bird .ii. and the Thrush, and all the pretty quiristers of flight,

that chaunt their Musicke notes in euery bush, ii.

in euery bush, in euery bush: Let them no more contend who shal

excell, the coockoo .ii. is the bird, the coockoo is the bird the

coockoo is the bird that beares the bell.

A remembrance of my friend, M. Thomas Morley.

BASS VS.

XXVI.

6. voc



Eath hath, &c.

My dearest friend is dead and laid



in graue in graue he rests, .ii.

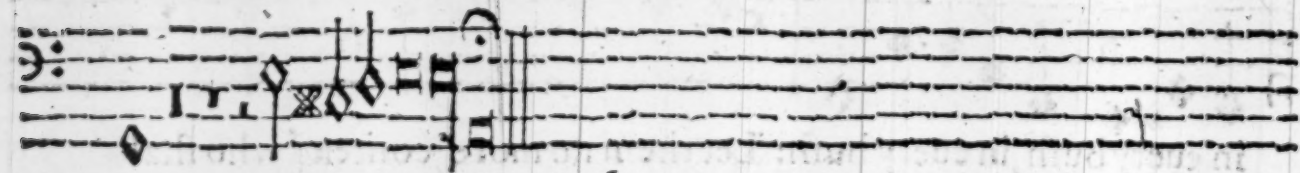
vntill the world shall end the



world shall end, as end must all thinges haue, all thinges must haue an



end that nature wrought, that nature wrought, must vnto dust bee



brought, must .ii.

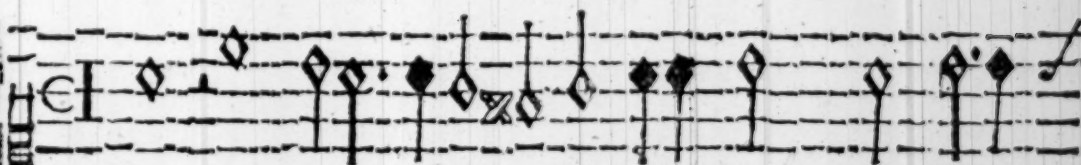


A remembrance of my friend M. Thomas Morley.

CANTVS

XXVI.

6. voc.



Eath hath deprived me of my dearest friend, my dearest

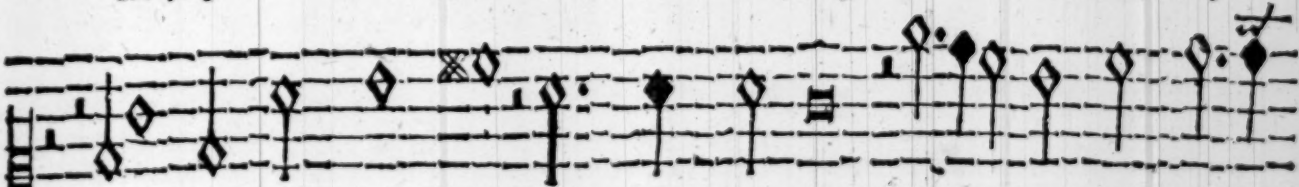


friend, my dearest friend is dead and laid in grane, in graue he rests

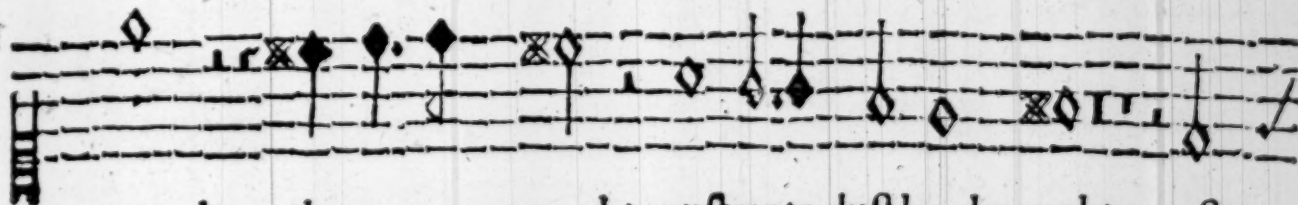


in ,il,

untill the world shall end, the world shall end,



as end must all things haue, all things must haue an end that nature



wrought, that nature wrought must vnto dust bee brought must



vnto dust be brought must vnto dust must vnto dust be brought.

A remembrance of my friend, M. Thomas Morley.

BASS VS.

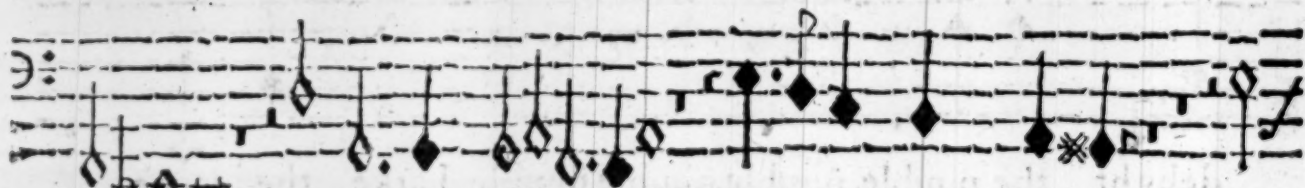
XXVI.

6. voc



Eath hath, &c.

My dearest friend is dead and laid



in graue in graue he rests, .ii.

untill the world shall end the



world shall end, as end must all thinges haue, all thinges must haue an



end that nature wrought, that nature wrought, must vnto dust bee



brought, must .ii.



A remembrance of my friend M. Thomas Morley.

CANTVS

XXVI.

6, voc.



Eath hath deprived me of my dearest friend, my dearest

friend, my dearest friend is dead and laid in grane, in graue he rests

in .il,

untill the world shall end, the world shall end,

as end must all things haue, all things must haue an end that nature

wrought, that nature wrought must vnto dust bee brought must

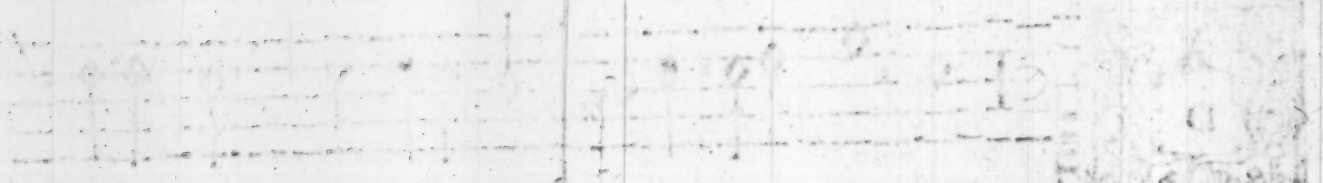
vnto dust be brought must vnto dust must vnto dust be brought.

A remembrance of my friend Mr. Thomas Morley

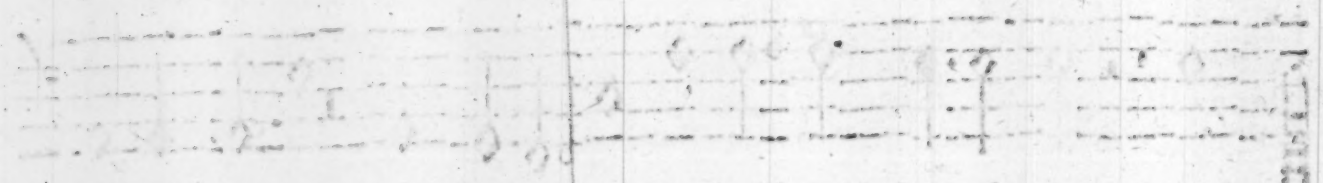
CANTUS

XXVI

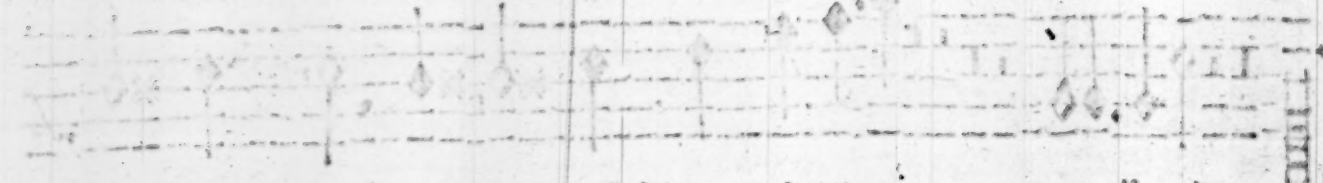
5. 100.



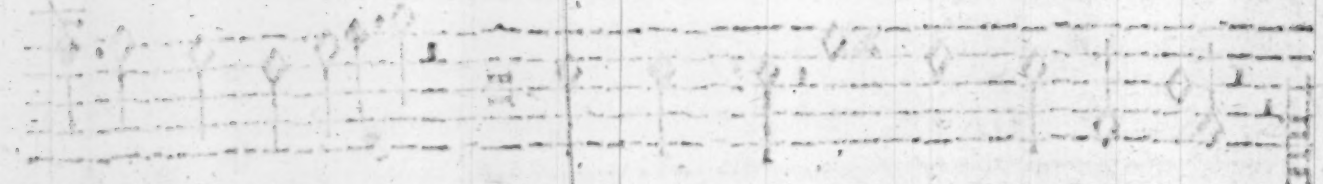
Each hath depined me my dearest friend my dearest



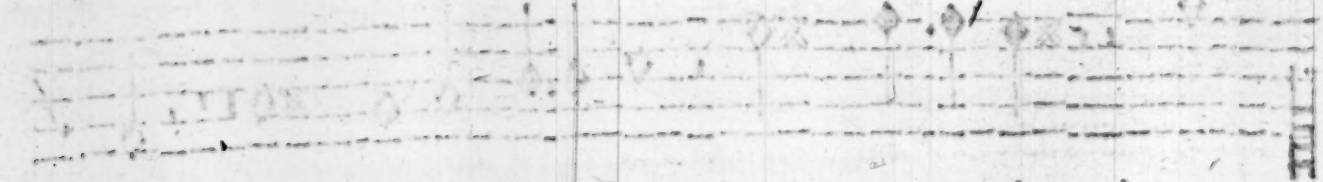
friend my dearest friend is dead and laid in grave in grave he lies



in it, shall the world shall end, the world shall end



as end must all things have, all things must have an end that nature



wrought, that nature wrought must vnto dust be brought, must



vnto dust be brought must vnto dust must vnto dust be brought.

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